THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 9, 1927
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Photo A.S.A.

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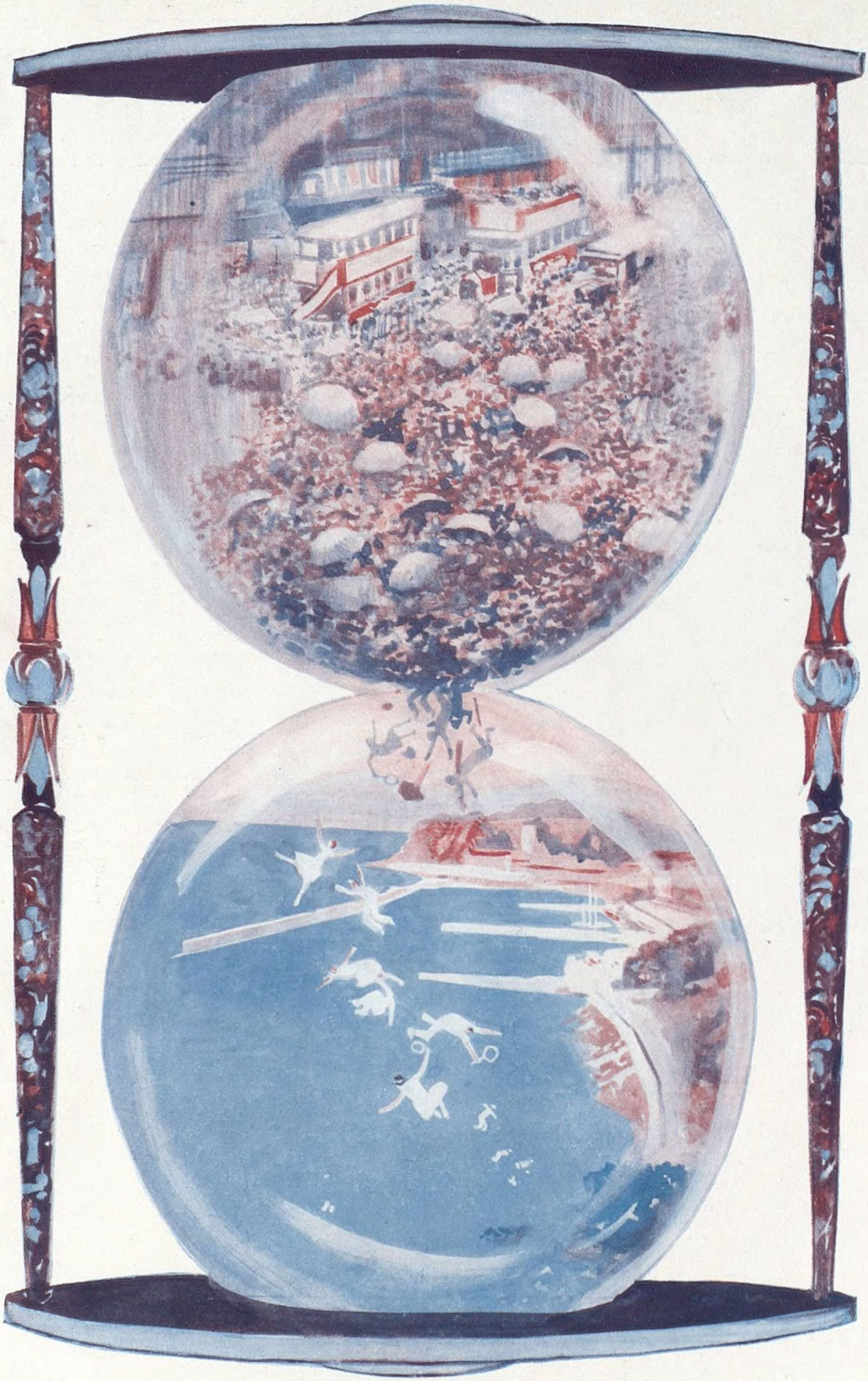
RIVIERA NO.

The BYSTANDER

"THE SILK SHAWL"

BY WILTON WILLIAMS



BY DE BRULE

THE HOUR-GLASS OF FASHION

The Riviera season is now at its height and every day crowds are filtering south, exchanging the gloom and wet of murky London for the sunshine of the Côte d'Azur

SUN BATHING AT CANNES *Topical*

A merry group photographed on the beach at Cannes. The Riviera weather, as well as the Season is now at its height

The French Riviera

THE SEASON AT ITS HEIGHT

IT is fortunate that the days are getting longer, for the daily programme of events is now becoming so lengthy that the problem is how to get everything in. Of course, only the very newest of new arrivals would try to cover the whole list, and the idea would soon be abandoned. In addition to the endless tennis tournaments that have been running since the beginning of the season, the racing, which has been attracting crowds since the New Year, and the regattas, polo matches and golf that are permanent features of a Riviera winter, we are now entering on a series of carnivals and battles of flowers along the coast which may be confidently expected to spread extra gaiety throughout our famous pleasure resorts.

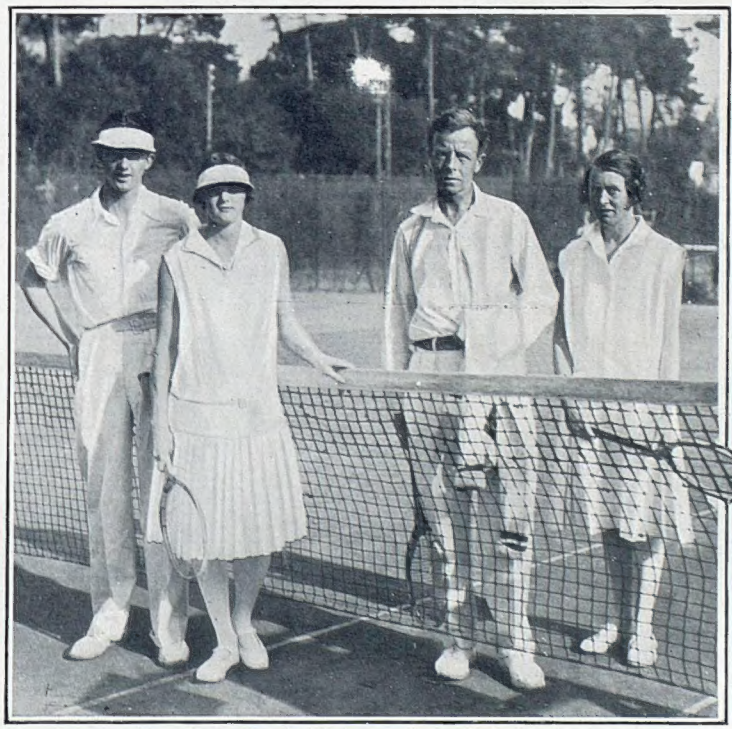
ST. RAPHAEL managed this year to lead the way, and the Provençal Fête in that pleasant little town, for which an enterprising — or very lucky — Festival Committee had selected a most brilliant spring-like day, was a complete and very picturesque success. Cannes would have been second on the list, for the Mimosa Fête, which is one of her specialities, had been arranged for February 5, but the long spell of dry weather that has made outdoor life so delightful since December has apparently not suited the mimosa culture, which is rather backward. The festival has therefore been postponed until February 15, on which date it is proposed to decorate the whole town with the beautiful golden blossoms, and it ought to be a sight well worth seeing.

BY that time King Carnival will be in full swing at Nice, and a small army of workmen is now busy erecting the many grandstands and enclosures in readiness for the crowds. The Carnival song—and a new one is specially created each year—is a very infectious melody which is being popularised by various street musicians and has decidedly caught on. The Carnival begins on February 10 and ends on March 1 with wholesale illuminations, fireworks, and the burning in effigy of the merry but short-lived monarch.

NICE Opera House is now doing well after its prolonged strike of musicians, which kept the doors closed for so long, and crowded houses are quite usual. A notable event is the first production in France of Mascagni's lyrical drama, "Iris," with the much-talked-of Japanese *prima donna*, Madame Isang, in the leading *rôle*. She is also taking the principal part in

'A LITTLE WALK, A LITTLE TALK"

His Excellency the Hon. Brand Whitlock, the American Ambassador in Brussels during the German occupation, chatting with Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, the American historian. The photograph was taken at Cannes



L. N. A.

"COURT DOINGS"

Players in a mixed doubles game photographed on the new lawn tennis courts at Cannes. The group comprises Mr. Lester, Miss Eileen Bennett, and Mr. and Mrs. Crawley Williams

"Madame Butterfly," and, although high prices are being asked for seats on this occasion, the booking looks like creating a record.

Among many new arrivals are Lady Walpole and her daughter, Miss Marie Seton, who, after a visit to Valescure, are now at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where the King of Sweden is expected later in the month.

"L'HEURE DE L'APERITIF" *E. Navello*

Sir John and Lady Pretyman Newman, Miss Langton, and Mrs. Goodhall enjoying the bright Riviera sunshine. Al fresco refreshments are not only possible, but distinctly pleasant at Monte Carlo

E. Navello

A QUIET STROLL

Sir Joseph Doughty-Tichborne photographed in the gardens. He has been staying at Monte Carlo

Maurice Maeterlinck and his wife are at their villa at Cimiez, Sir Edmund Stonehouse is at the Royal, and Admiral and Mrs. Reynolds are at the Continental, coming from San Remo.

By way of a novel change from sun-basking on the beach or indulging in tennis or golf, many people are going up to Peira-Cava for next week-end for some winter sports. This snow-embedded little village is only a short motor run from Nice, but is at an altitude of nearly 5000 feet, and a series of ski-ing competitions has been arranged, for which the entries are numerous.

Cannes is very full for the races and for the international tennis tournaments. The New Courts meeting went off in fine style, and proved most enjoyable. It provided enough thrills for the most *blasé* of spectators, for on one day alone there were at least three contests which were so closely fought that each lasted well over two hours, and onlookers forgot all appointments and meals and stayed to the finish. Brugnon was the star turn of the week, and was never in finer form. This week the interest is transferred to the Gallia Courts, on which Miss Betty Nuthall is making her first appearance.

Lord and Lady Oxford and Asquith, who are staying with Sir Jesse and Lady Boot, are enjoying their holiday to the full, and are seeing all there is to see in Cannes and the district. They have had many motor excursions into the country, and were particularly delighted with their visit to the Gorges du Loup and Gourdon, which is certainly one of the most striking places on the whole Riviera. They were at a big gala night at the Ambassadeurs recently with their hostess, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman and a dozen other friends, and mixed with the crowd in the *baccarat* rooms later—and it was a crowd so dense that one could hardly move between the tables.

C. N. Daly

AT THE COURTS

Lord Roundway (left) and Sir John Ganzoni on tennis bent. They were photographed on the courts at Cannes

One of the most fashionable resorts this season in Cannes is the Pavillon d'Armenonville, under the same direction as the famous Reserve at St. Jean de Luz, and many notable parties have been given there lately. Among many new arrivals are Lady Ludlow, who is staying at the Villa Luna Nuova with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby; Lord Knaresborough, at the Bellevue; Lady Maureen Stanley at the villa of the Earl and Countess of Derby; Lord and Lady Calthorpe, who have come on from Valescure, at the Gonnet; Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin-White and Sir Ernest Bain, of Harrogate—who has joined Lady Bain and their daughter—at the Beau-Site. The harbour is so crammed with yachts of all kinds that somebody will have to move out or to sink before any more can get in—and I happen to know that several large yachts are expected in the near future, among them Lord and Lady Inverclyde's *Beryl* and Lieut.-Commander Montague Grahame-White's *Ianara*, both of which will take up a good deal of space.

Topical

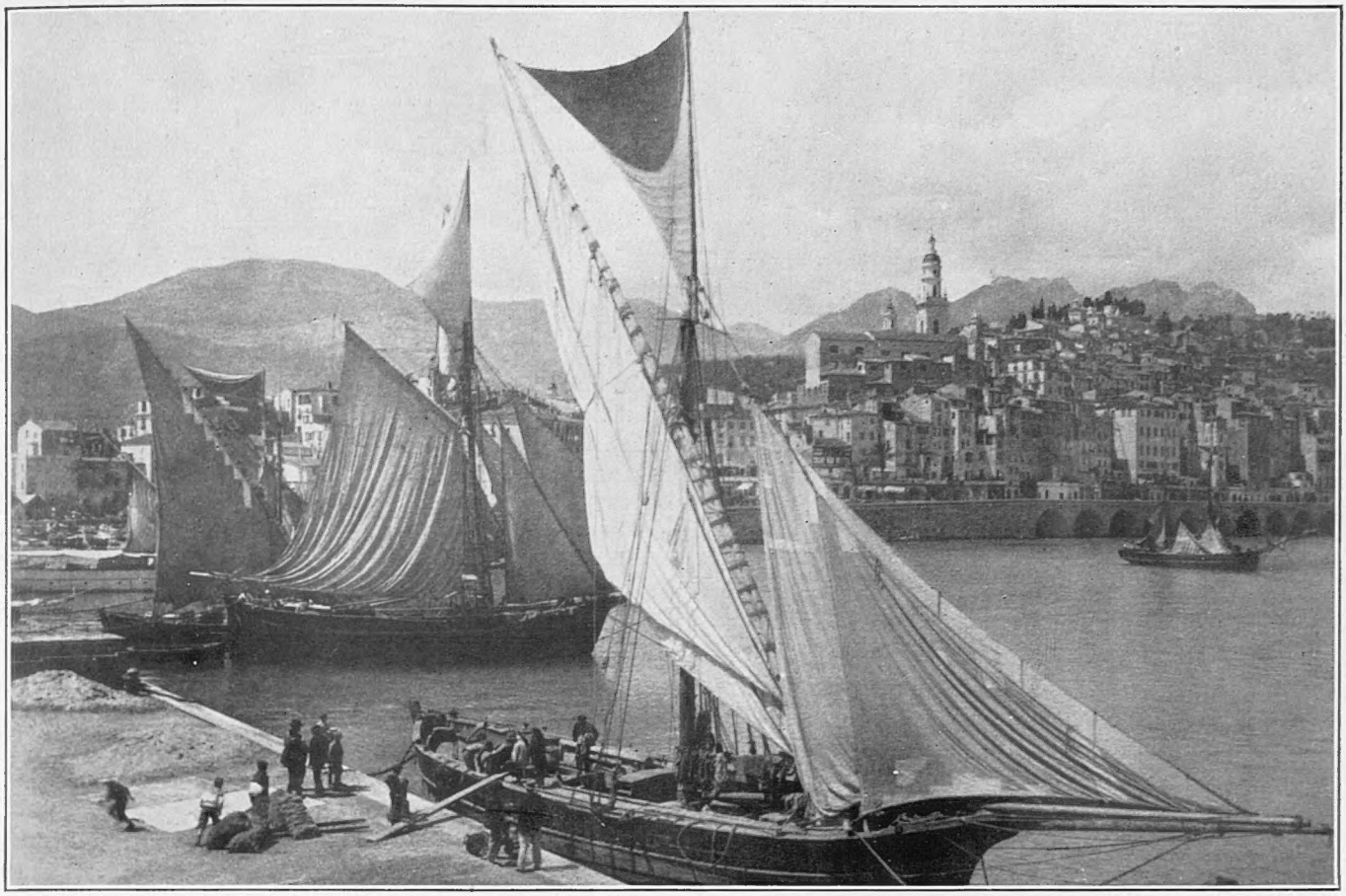
OUT FOR A DRIVE

Lady Denman in action on the Valescure golf course at Cannes. The Riviera courses are again packed with enthusiasts

Riviera Celebrities

Those who know the Côte d'Azur will be interested in a very well-got-up book entitled *Riviera Celebrities*, which has just been issued. It is made up of clever sketches from life by Mr. Geo. Browne of many of the well-known figures of the coast, with concise little pen-sketches by Miss Ysabel De Witte, and representatives of all branches of life on the Riviera are depicted. The book, which has been published by the *Menton and Monte Carlo News*, is given the benison of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim in its preface.

Menton: A Riviera Gem in a Border Setting



IN THE HARBOUR

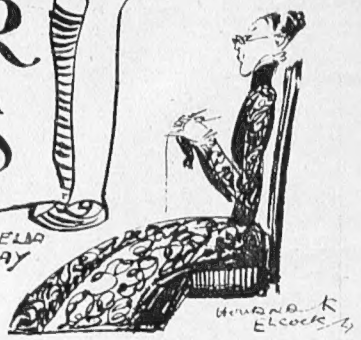
A photograph of the harbour of Menton taken from the pier. In the background the Old Town is seen nestling between blue sea and rugged peaks

Photographs *G. K. Ballance*

WHERE FRANCE JOINS ITALY

A striking view of Menton and Menton-Garavan seen from Italian soil. The sweep of the sparkling sea, the bright villas and the green of the hills combine to form a picture as beautiful as any to be found on the Côte d'Azur

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



The Uses of Adversity

My great-aunt Amelia always used to say that there was a Providence in these things. By these things she meant life's regrettable occurrences, from a sick headache to an earthquake. Aunt Amelia's theory was that Providence, with whom the good lady seemed to be on the most intimate terms, inflicted "these things" upon us in order to turn our thoughts to something brighter. When you come to think of it, there is something in the idea. On what other grounds are we to account for that almost infinitely regrettable phenomenon, an English February?

Unspeakable February

Even with the utmost kindliness and toleration there is very little to be said in favour of February—Fill-dyke of that ilk. A demd damp unpleasant month, as Mr. Mantalini would have said. If I were a magistrate, with February snivelling in the dock in front of me, I would put on my sternest air. "February," I would intone, "what have you to say? Now don't cry. Heaven knows you're wet enough as it is. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I hope all the other months cut you dead when they meet you. Don't stand there and mumble 'Pancakes' when you know very well that Shrove Tuesday comes on the First of March this year. Go away. You make me tired."

Relativity

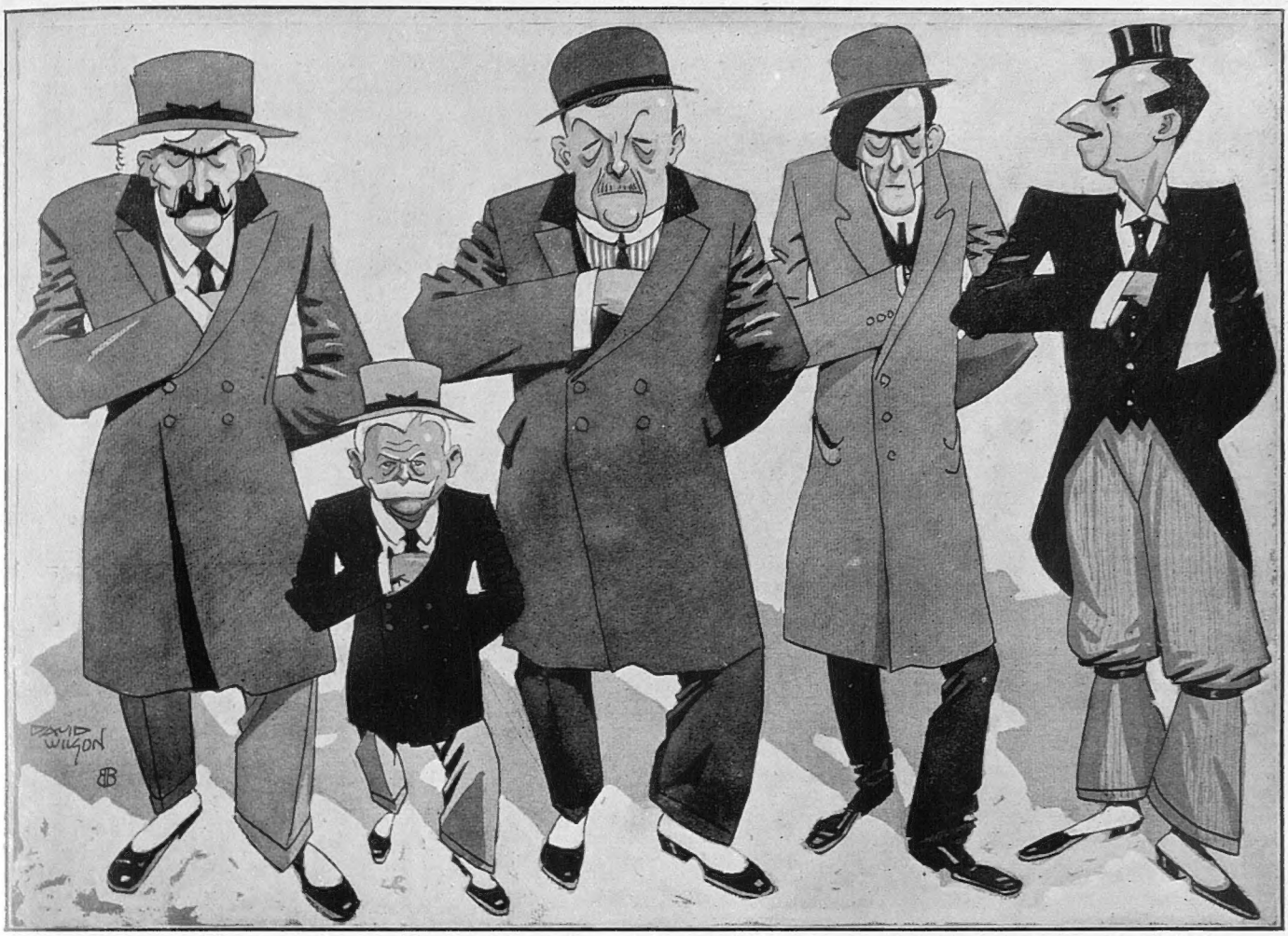
But, of course, such a judgment would be rather unfair. These things, as Einstein would say, are all a question of relativity. If there were no English February, how would we appreciate the change that awaits us on the Côte d'Azur? It is the greyness of our Channel that makes the Mediterranean seem so blue. It is because the Strand is so muddy that the Croisette at Cannes seems like a golden street in Paradise. It is because our home-bred sun is so unsatisfactory in its functionings that the glorious golden king that reigns from St. Raphael to Menton wins the plaudits of all sun-worshippers. Mark Tapley spent his life in looking for a spot where a man might with difficulty be an optimist. On the Riviera he would find the same difficulty in being a pessimist.

"The Moon Hath Raised . . ."

The Côte d'Azur, everyone will tell you, has a sun. This is not denied. But there is also a moon, of which connoisseurs speak well. I shall never forget the moon I saw not so long ago, travelling from Nice to Monte. A great silver disc hung in a sky of velvet, and the sea was liquid light. Everything—the palms, the winding ribbon of road, the ships in the harbour—was touched with the spell of moonshine. At any moment you expected the elves of the orange grove to come out and dance. You are going off by the Blue Train to see the sun, but please give the moon my love, too.

Community Grumbling

People who like community singing say that the movement is enjoying immense success throughout the country, while those



By David Wilson

IT'S ON THE "CARDS" THAT RAMSAY MAY GO "NAP" AT WESTMINSTER ON THIS HAND

misanthropic persons who dislike that sort of thing aver that it is sweeping over our fair land like a pestilence. I am all for this community business within reason. The idea at the back of it seems to be that if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing loudly, joyously, and in chorus. But it appears to me that singing is not one of the things which we do with spontaneity and abandon. Your good Englishman is apt to be stricken with numbed horror at the sound of his own voice. It gives him an unhappy feeling at the back of his ears. Community Complaining would be a much more intelligible idea.

A Doleful Noise

If there is one thing in the world we all do with zest and naturalness, it is to grumble. Grumbling is an Englishman's birthright, and the strongest sign of our national equability of temper. And if grumbling is worth doing, which nobody can deny, why shouldn't we grumble in glorious unison? If we could all get together for ten minutes every day and carol cheerful, kindly little hymns of hate against the weather or the Government or Mr. Cook or the B.B.C. or the railway companies or influenza or the traffic problem this world would be a brighter place. Or a more amusing place, at any rate.

A Woman's Brains

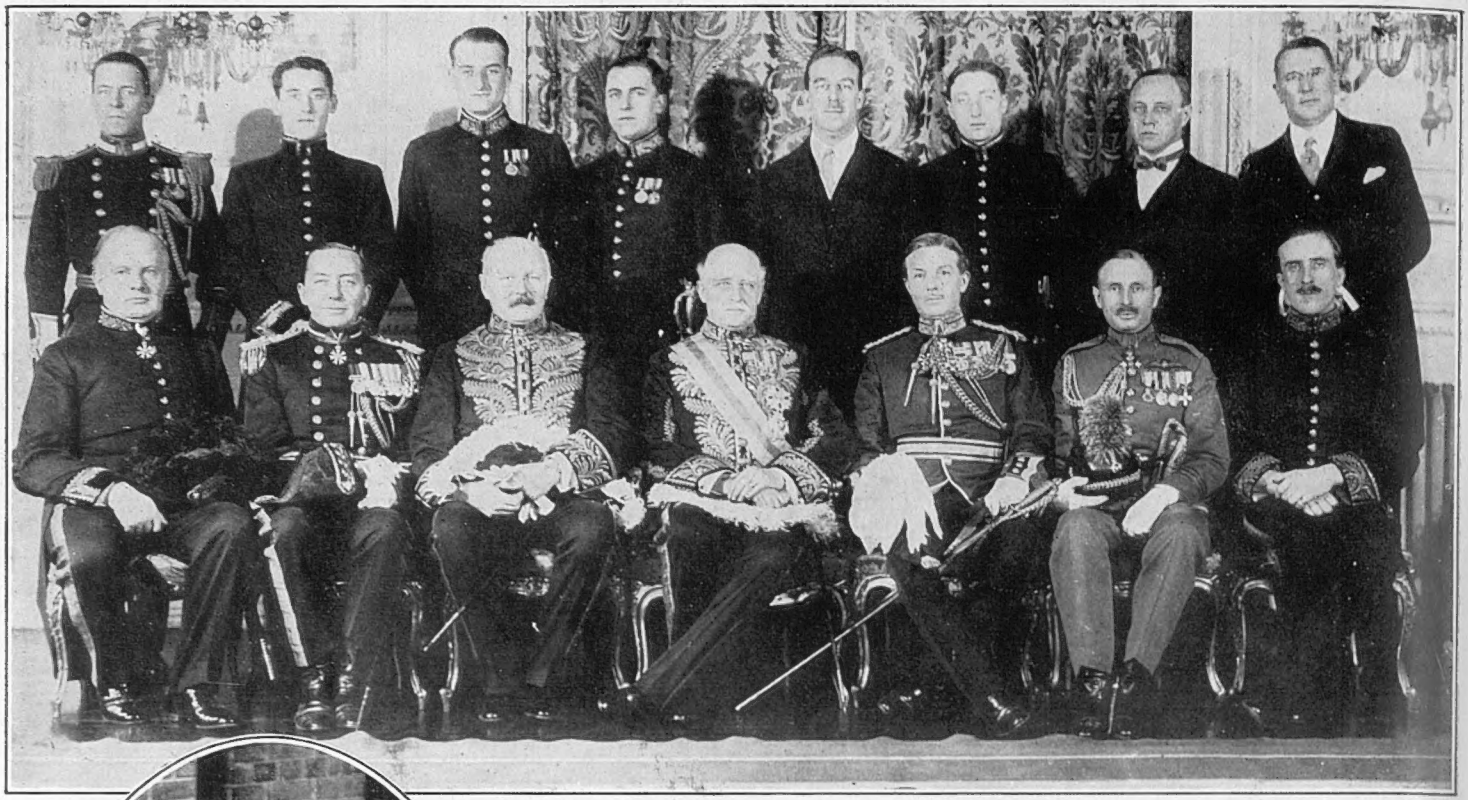
Some professor has just been saying that a woman's brain is larger than a man's or smaller, I forget which. It is notorious that professors will say practically anything. Have you ever noticed that any statement, however ludicrous, about Woman always gains wide and instant attention? Nobody cares a pin about the brain of a mere male person, like (say) Mr. Baldwin or myself, but Woman, as a topic, is perennially interesting. Woman, as Rose Macaulay says somewhere, is always News. The least thing about her—her skirt, her cigarette, her emotions, her shingled head, and now her brain—is a matter for deep concern.

Why, Oh Why?

Nobody is in the least concerned about whether I smoke cigarettes or crease my trousers correctly or have any emotions or get my hair cut. Man is a dull creature. He has to discover a Pole or score a try in an International or burgle a bank before anybody notices him at all, whereas women have only to exist to be the centre of attraction. This seems to denote a definite superiority on the part of the female sex. But where does that superiority really lie?

Artists at Play

What I always like about the annual Fancy Dress Ball held by the London Sketch Club at the Wharncliffe Rooms is that unless you turn up in fancy kit of some sort you can't be admitted to the revels. Nothing fills the wretched male with gloom more than to find that, after hours of painful struggle with wig, breeches, and sword in a noble attempt to look like Charles Surface, nearly every man present is in impeccable evening dress. But when fancy dress is compulsory, it ceases to be an ordeal and becomes a rag of the cheeriest order. The Sketch Club certainly knows how to make things go with a swing, and this year it has arranged many good stunts for the ball on Friday, the 25th of this month. The decorations will take the form of masks, depicting various emotions such as joy, rage, and tragedy, and the usual Puff Ball final between teams of blondes and brunettes captained by two well-known actresses will prove quite as thrilling as any bargain sale and much safer—men being rigorously excluded from taking part!



AT THE EMBASSY *Topical*

Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador to the United States of America, with members of the Embassy at Washington. The photograph shows, standing: Engineer-Commander A. Knothe, R.N., Mr. H. L. d'A. Hopkinson, Mr. G. H. Thompson, Sir A. Baillie, Mr. A. J. Pack, Mr. M. Wright, Mr. H. H. Sims, and Mr. L. McCormick-Goodhart. Seated: Mr. J. J. Broderick (left), Capt. A. Stopford, R.N., Mr. H. G. Chilton, the Rt. Hon. Sir Esmé Howard, Major-General C. E. C. G. Charlton, Wing-Commander T. C. Hetherington, and Mr. J. Balfour

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

HUNTING IN IRELAND *Topical*

Mrs. More O'Ferrall and Sir Thomas Ainsworth photographed at the recent meet of the Kildare at Kilduncan. Sir Thomas is M.F.H. of the Kildare

The Return of the Court

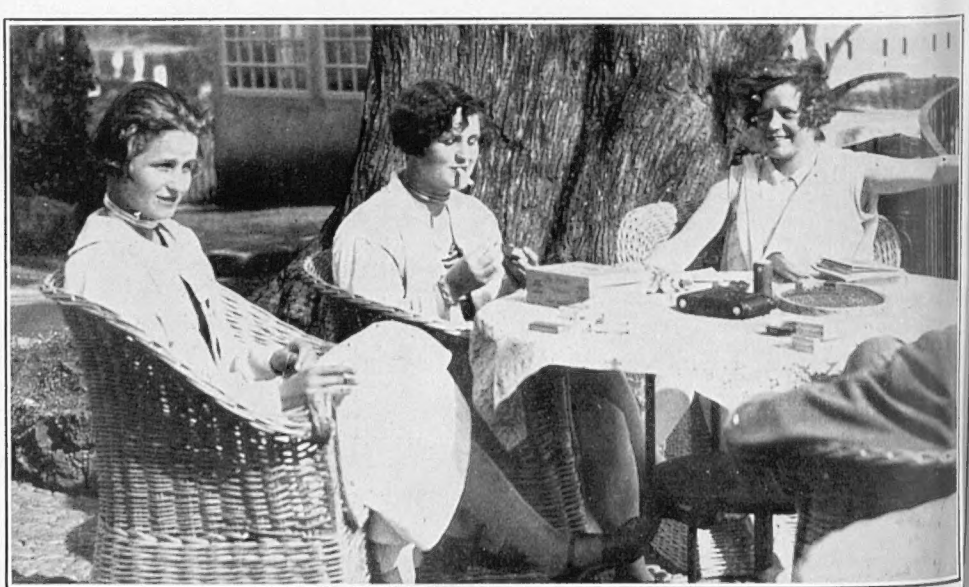
THE return of the King and Queen to Buckingham Palace and the opening of Parliament always bring a great many people to London, even people in no way connected with Westminster. For one thing the shooting season is over, and for people who don't hunt the country is rather apt to be dull in February and March. So quite a number of country dwellers take houses in London at this time, returning to the country at Easter. This year I hear that the numbers of furnished houses let for the two months to Easter is unusually large.

This means entertaining, and on a more leisurely and far less expensive scale than during the season proper, as the latter is a serious consideration nowadays to the heavily-taxed country landowner.

In the meantime the Prince of Wales is hunting assiduously from Melton Mowbray, where, like Lord Beatty, Prince George has been showing the fallacy of the proverb that sailors can ride a storm but cannot ride a horse.

Royal Warrant Holders

A COVETED honour amongst tradesmen is the Royal Warrant appointing them purveyors—of whatever goods they sell—to the King and Queen. The warrant likewise gives them the right to hang the Royal arms over their shop-doorways, with the words: "By appointment to His Majesty the King," or to the Queen. They may also use the royal arms upon their business stationery with the same words below.



IN SUNNY MADEIRA *Sport and General*

Miss Joan Dunn (left), Miss Kathleen Dunn, the daughters of Lady Dunn, and Mrs. Tattersall having a rest after a game of tennis under the sunny skies of Madeira

Once the warrant is given it may be retained. This is why you still see "By appointment to His Majesty the late King Edward," and until comparatively recently there was one shop which displayed, "By appointment to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent," Queen Victoria's mother.

The holders of the royal warrant some time ago formed themselves into the Royal Warrant Holders' Association in order to prevent any unauthorised use of their privileges. If any tradesman uses the royal arms without holding the warrant he is liable to a fine of £20. Once a year the members of the Association all dine together, and they likewise have the right to send presents on particular occasions to the Royal Family.

It is an interesting list. Over one thousand tradesmen have the right to display the royal arms, not only in England but abroad and in various parts of the Empire. And the list covers a multiplicity of objects. The King, for instance, has a kilt manufacturer in Edinburgh; a cake manufacturer at Liverpool; a lamb food manufacturer at King's Lynn; a purveyor of Angostura bitters at Trinidad, of orange Curaçoa in Amsterdam, and of Royal cipher badges and socks in Aligirah, in India.

Forty-eight wine merchants in various parts of the Empire hold the royal warrant, and the King has a taxidermist at Ballater, a golf-club maker at Earlsfield, and a maker of lamprey pies at Gloucester. Whether lamprey pies ever appear on the royal table I don't know, but I always thought they went out of fashion after King John died of a surfeit of them and Newark ale.

Photo Illus.

THE NEW MASTER

Mr. F. W. Lowndes, the present Master of the Eton College Beagles. The photograph was taken at Ditton

CLOSE WORK *Sport and General*

That Polo in England is not confined to the summer months is proved by this photograph of a race for the ball. It was taken recently at Beachy Head

Then there are the purveyors of fish sauce, dog and game food, turtle soup, feathers, horsehair, incubators, oysters, lime-juice cordial, and sheep dip. And then, oddest of all, a purveyor of Edinburgh rock.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales have likewise their warrant holders. From the list one finds that the Prince has nine tailors, including one in Australia, and is supplied with beer and cider from Southsea, and silks from Kyoto, in Japan.

Photographs *Alfieri*

MRS. FOLJAMBE and LORD LONDESBOROUGH

MAJOR MULHOLLAND, LORD HUNTINGDON, and LADY NOREEN BASS

Some of the onlookers at the recent Nottingham race meeting. The usual interest was aroused by the Nottinghamshire 'Chase, which forms a good trial for horses entered for the Grand National

Sport and General

A RECENT WEDDING

Mr. C. E. Fenwicke-Clennell with his bride, formerly Miss Gladys Bruce Goff, the daughter of Dr. Bruce Goff, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after their wedding. The bride's Scotch Terrier, "Tam Tam," refused to be left out of the photograph

The Latest Diversion

THE newest delight of London is the Ice Club, near Victoria Station. It really is a revival of the old Prince's skating club in Knightsbridge, with an infinitely better rink, but with precisely the same tradition and atmosphere. The membership subscription is twelve guineas a year, and you have vouchers as at Hurlingham and Ranelagh which you can give to your friends.

The club has already become extremely popular, and I should imagine when the winter sports enthusiasts have all returned from Switzerland there will be a considerable addition to the membership.

The lighting is particularly effective—rather like sunshine—and as they freeze the surface of the rink three times a day this is as perfect as anything at St. Moritz or Mürren. Everybody has forgotten the unfortunate squash on the opening night, when members were far too generous in inviting their friends. I know of nowhere in London where you can spend so pleasant an afternoon.

And now, to add to the joys of the club, General Cunliffe-Owen and others are thinking of forming a curling club, whereat the hearts of all true Scotsmen will rejoice.

Italian Diplomatic Changes

COMMENDATORE ANTONINO BORDONARO, who is to succeed the Marchese della Torretta as Italian Ambassador in our country, will, I hear, arrive in London in about a month's time. He is one of the rising men in the Italian Diplomatic Service, and has been Italian Minister both in Prague and in Vienna since the Great War.

When he was in Vienna a sad tragedy came to him, his wife and little son dying within a few days of one another from influenza. His wife was his cousin, one of the daughters of Baron and Baroness Bordonaro, so well known and so hospitable to English visitors to Palermo in older days. The Baroness was English.

Signor Bordonaro comes to the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square direct from the Foreign Office in Rome, where he has been Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs since February of last year.

Another Italian diplomatic appointment with an English interest is that of Commendatore Daniele Varè to be Italian Minister in China. Signora Varè was an Englishwoman, Miss Elizabeth Stansfeld, of the old Yorkshire family of that name. Signor Varè has already spent eight years of his diplomatic career at Pekin as First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaire, and it is because of his intimate and wide knowledge of China that he has been chosen as Minister in the present grave crisis. More recently Signor Varè has been attached to the League of Nations Department at the Italian Foreign Office, and last July was appointed Italian Minister to Luxembourg, where no fewer than fifteen thousand Italians are employed, chiefly in the iron foundries of the Metallurgic Cartel. A great change for Signora Varè from the pretty and attractive capital of the little Grand Duchy to Pekin, but she has already had some experience of the latter, as she was there when her husband was First Secretary.

Signor Varè's interest in England is shown by a history of England in the nineteenth century which he has written, the third volume of which has not yet been published, and a delightful book, *Voli del Leone Alato*, rather in the manner of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, which sets out the adventures of a Venetian boy brought up in Scotland.

Topical

A WEDDING OF THE MONTH

Lord Ashley leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with his bride Miss Sylvia Hawkes, after their wedding last week. The bridegroom is the heir of the Earl of Shaftesbury

COMMENDATORE DANIELE VARÈ

Who has just been appointed Italian Minister to China. He has already been First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaire at Pekin for eight years

Ashton

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Captain G. E. Gordon-Duff and his bride, Miss Rosemary Craven, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. Mrs. Gordon-Duff is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Craven, of Kensington Palace Gardens

The Royal Caledonian Ball

I AM specially asked to tell you that the Caledonian Ball will be held on Monday, May 23, at the Hotel Cecil. As people are already beginning to arrange dances during the season, and as so many folks go to the Caledonian Ball, will intending hostesses kindly note the date, so that they may avoid it for their own dances? The Duke and Duchess of Atholl are the Presidents of the ball. I am also asked to say that if anybody wants a box they should make immediate application to Captain Frank Stanley, 199, Piccadilly, W.1. Likewise, you can't take your tickets too early.

The Traditions.

THERE was a member of a certain club, one of those tiresome wags who think

that the breaking of rules is of no concern so long as it is done facetiously. He got on the nerves of the other members, and very badly on the nerves of the secretary and the committee, who were perpetually called upon to consider complaints.

Finally, after a particularly bad bout of rule-breaking, the committee held a meeting, the result of which was a letter from the secretary to the offender saying that as he had persistently broken the rules and traditions of the club his resignation was requested.

In reply he wrote :—"When I joined the club I received a copy of the rules. Up to the present I have received no copy of its traditions."

Now, what is to be done with a man like that?

Slander

PARENTS and parsons, from our tenderest years upwards, teach us not to tell lies, not to steal, and not to break any other of the Commandments. Beyond this, parents and school teach us to "play the game," an unwritten code which everybody understands.

But one thing parsons and parents never lay any particular stress upon—and that is repeating scandalous stories we may hear about people we don't know.

Perhaps I am mistaken—I hope I am—but of late years I have noticed that one hears more scabrous stories about pro-

Bassano

MISS VALERIE FRENCH

The younger daughter of Major the Hon. Gerald French, D.S.O., and Mrs. French, whose engagement to Mr. Henry Bradley Martin, of New York, was recently announced. She is a granddaughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres

minent people—people they have never met and probably never will—from young men than I remember being the case when I was a young man myself.

Last week I went down to dine and sleep at the house of some old friends for some theatricals their family were giving at the village hall. After the performance—which, incidentally, was quite excellent—there was supper, and when the ladies had gone to bed the men sat on smoking. They were mostly young men, friends of the sons of the house who had been acting in the plays, all of them very keen amateur actors. I suppose because of this the talk was on matters theatrical. And then, suddenly, the talk shifted from plays and players to the private lives of players. A young man told the company that one of our greatest actresses—he made no bones about mentioning her name—was ordered to remain in her cabin by the captain of the ship when crossing the Atlantic from America because she had been guilty of immorality on board.

Your Bystander happens to have the honour of this lady's acquaintance. The suggestion was so utterly ludicrous that I laughed.

"Oh, it's quite true, I assure you," said the young man. "A man on board told me."

"Then he was a liar," said your Bystander.

"I don't think so," said the young man. "He's a very decent chap, and he wouldn't have said a thing like that if it hadn't been true."

By this time everybody was listening. I am not going to repeat what I said to that young man, but you can imagine how winged and to the point it was, because

AN IRISH BRIDE-TO-BE *Bertram Park*

Miss Gertrude Bellingham, whose marriage to Mr. R. D. Hawker will take place next Tuesday, February 15. She is the only daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth

TO WED *Ian Smith*

Mr. Peter Bathurst, the only son of the Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, with his fiancée, Miss Ann Temple-Gore-Langton. The latter, who is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Chandos Temple-Gore-Langton and the Hon. Mrs. Temple-Gore-Langton, is a niece of Earl Temple of Stowe and Lady Dundas of Arniston

CHRISTMAS IN BURMA

A photograph of Sir Harcourt Butler's house party, taken last Christmas at Government House, Mandalay. Back row: Captain Tozer (left), Captain Lash, Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Captain Goschen, Captain Haig, and Captain Portal. Front row: Mrs. Roberts (left), Mr. Harwood, Lady Ridley, Lord Goschen, Sir Harcourt Butler, Lady Goschen, Sir Robert Horne, the Hon. Mrs. Portal, Miss Portal, and Mrs. Harwood

the lady whose name was wickedly misused has never been to America.

Yet, even when wilted under by vials of wrath and very plain speaking, this young man still protested: "But I was told it."

Isn't it odd? Not one thought of the ghastly harm that story could do to a dear, good woman; and then, after hearing she had never been to America, sticking to: "But I was told it." Yet that young man, I'm sure, would drown himself rather than steal my watch or note-case. But he and his like spread misery of mind and distress by repeating malicious fabrications.

How a Piano is Made

YOUR Bystander spent a most interesting afternoon last week at the Pavilion watching a film which showed how a Bechstein grand piano is manufactured.

It was amazing to see the curved side of a grand piano created by a specially shaped press from a long strip of layers of wood glued together. We saw the whole process of manufacture — a thrilling exhibition of science applied to sound. And we were told two particularly interesting things: Wagner composed "Parsifal" upon a Bechstein piano, and Liszt always insisted on having one for his recitals.

The Clan Mackay

THE Clan Mackay finds itself in an unprecedented position. Its chieftain, Lord Reay, is a Dutchman. The clan therefore seeks another chieftain, and, it is said, is desirous to give the position to the Duke of Sutherland. But here comes in a question of Highland tradition which no Southron can venture to tackle or discuss. Only the descendant of a man who was chief of a clan before 1747, when the hereditary jurisdiction of the chieftains was abolished, can be the chief of a clan. The chieftainship of a Scottish clan is, I believe, the only honour that the King himself cannot bestow.

In ancient days the Mackays, Lords Reay, held wide territories in Sutherland. These ultimately came into the possession of the Dukes of Sutherland. For many years the Forest of Reay has been rented by the late Duke and the present Duke of Westminster. This possession of the ancient Mackay property by the Duke of Sutherland may have suggested him as their chieftain to the Clan Mackay.

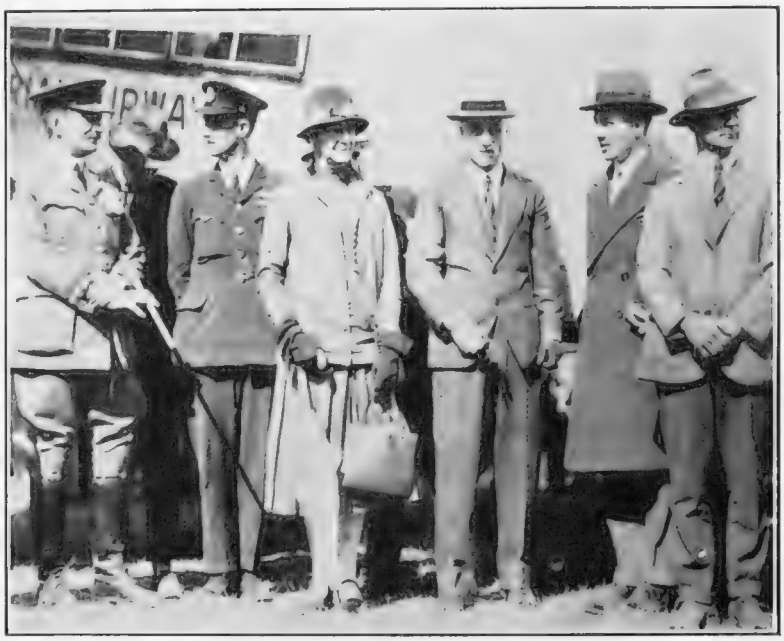
A Curious Situation

IN the time of Charles I the second Lord Reay espoused the Royalist cause against the Covenanters, but when the troubles were over he settled in Holland because he received no pardon. There he was given the Dutch title of Baron Mackay l'Ophemeret.

Ultimately the title of Lord Reay, having been held by a Baron Mackay l'Ophemeret, who was Minister of State and Vice-President of the Privy Council of the Netherlands, it passed to his son, the Lord Reay who was Governor of Bombay, Under-Secretary of State for India, and the first President of the British Academy. But he was naturalised a British subject by Act of Parliament a year after his succession, and four years afterwards was created Baron Reay in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

When he died, childless, the barony of the United Kingdom became extinct, but the ancient Scottish barony of Reay went to his Dutch cousin, Baron Eric Mackay. He died six years ago, and was succeeded by his son, the present Lord Reay, who celebrated his twenty-first birthday on Christmas Day.

So far Lord Reay has taken no steps towards naturalisation, and, therefore, occupies the unusual position of being an English peer, a Scottish chieftain, and a Dutch baron at one and the same time. He is tremendously tall. When he was eighteen he was 6ft. 8in., and I hear that he has grown since. This is a repetition of a family trait. In all the old Scottish chronicles the Mackays are spoken of as being "great in stature."



Central Press

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

The passengers and crew of the Hercules after her successful flight from London to Delhi to inaugurate the London to India air route. The photograph shows: Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Capt. Wooley Dodd, the pilot, Lady Maud Hoare, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, Major Wood Humphries, and Mr. F. Mayer, the engineer in charge

Face Values à la Mode

BY E. T. REED

Dr. Joscelyne (of North Borneo) has electrified the "Shingled" world with the statement that tribes which bob or shingle lay the foundations of a future generation of moustached, whiskered, and bearded females

THE FIRST ROUND G. P. U.

A fine rush by the Guy's forwards in the first round of the Hospitals Rugby Cup at Richmond, where they met St. George's. After the customary struggle of an inter-hospital match, Guy's won by 29 points to 3

RUGGER REACTIONS

REFLECTIONS AT RICHMOND By "PENDARVES"

VERY odd that on a 1927 London Rugger ground, shared by two of the most illustrous clubs in Britain, there should still be allowed to remain for the spectators all along one touch line that corrugated iron roofed affair which always reminds me rather of a cow byre. And that a patient Press should still be confined in a box which was indifferent in the reign of Queen Victoria and is now archaic. From the back pew of this box—and they are indeed pews—one's meteoric vision of the game is rather like squinting through the slit of a front door letter-box into sparse portions of a lighted hall beyond, across which figures flit from time to time. However, there are still some matters in the good old British Constitution that I presume will never be changed in our day.

Such aspects of the game as one could see clearly on the day of these pessimisms showed one outstanding fact. That the very bright and progressive Leicester Rugby Football Club was making one of its few egregious mistakes. The mistake of underestimating the strength of the enemy. I suppose it is because Leicester is up against such potent sides every Saturday that they gave very little thought to the possibility of a side like dear old Richmond getting the better of them. They could not have thought much about it or they would not have played as they did. The Richmond Football Club has been putting players of repute on to its field ever since the year 1861, sixty of whom have been capped for England at various times, and a number for Wales, Ireland and Scotland.

One must suppose, in all charity, that on the Leicester side Scotland's scrum half was nursing himself carefully in view of the imminent Wales match. Otherwise it must have been a little disconcerting to the Scottish spectators to see the Richmond scrum half, F. M. T. Bunney, an excellent player but as yet uncapped, doing Jimmy Nelson down so frequently; the latter having five Scotch caps at the time of writing, and several more to come. Nor could one expect people like Greenlees, Buckingham and Sambrook to carry all the heat and burden of the afternoon on their shoulders with any great measure of success. So Leicester were beat 13—6; and that was that.

The Richmond side has found itself again at last—or so it would appear. It has got experience once more in its pack: brains in its halves: speed in its threequarters, and "pep" all over its game from start to finish. One might, perhaps, suggest diffidently to Sir J. W. L. Napier that as the cult of the game and the tradition stand at present a full-back's primary duty is to *kick* reasonably soon, and not endeavour bravely to barge through the entire body corporate of a grasping opposition, soon to be tackled, ball in hand, at a spot nearer his own goal line than is necessary or expedient.

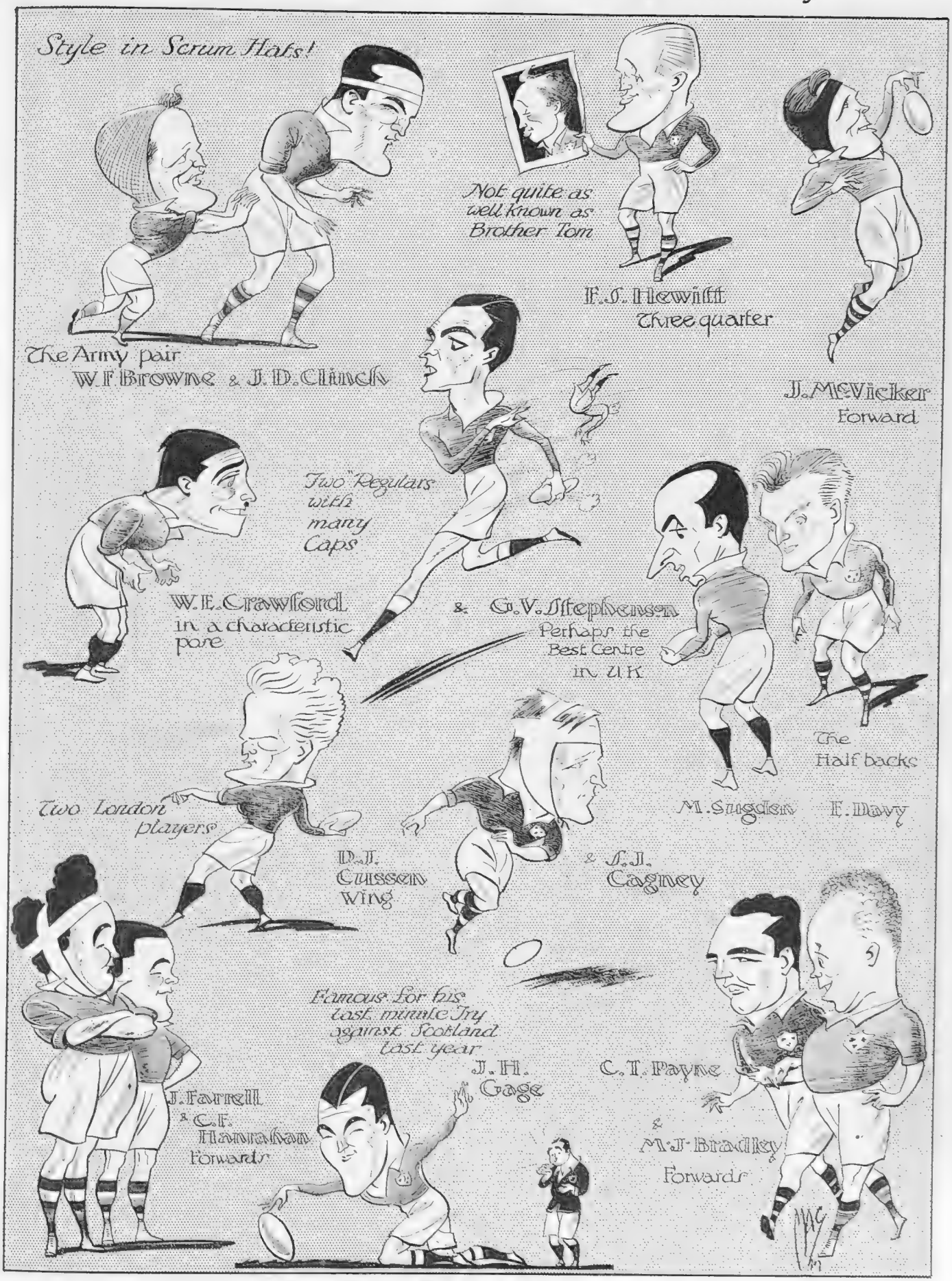
On the subject of this kicking to touch business, it is curious how few of the leading clubs, from what one has seen oneself and heard from others, have yet experimented in public the proposed new rule at present under consideration by the English Rugby Union, although they have been expressly asked to by that body. The rule in question emanates from New Zealand—whose standard of play merits our most polite attention anyway—and is just this. That a player may not kick the ball full pitch into touch *except when in his own* 25. If this proposed rule becomes law it will alter very materially the whole character of our Rugby game.

From the point of view of the average spectator (the last person properly to be considered, and so I am putting him first, from sheer cussedness) it would be a welcome innovation. To him there are few things more boring than to hear the ball rattling on the tin roof of the stand about every third minute in the second half when one side has got a lead of three points and is playing for safety. The New Zealanders say that kicking to touch is a purely defensive movement, and should, therefore, only be done by a team when it is penned in its own 25.

The strongest argument against the rule seems to be that if it is adopted the game will become much too fast, and that few people will be able to "keep it up" for forty minutes each way. The answer to this surely is that if the forwards began to have heart attacks in large numbers the periods of forty minutes could, without another general strike breaking out, be reduced to thirty-five.

There is, as in all these matters, an argument both ways, equally conclusive and final to the protagonist of either. One thing is clear. It will mean more consistent attack throughout the game and less of the panicky defensive measures. And that would seem all to the good. But it would not be a bad thing if two representative sides one Saturday, some time between now and 1937, agreed to try it, as they have been asked to do. The authorities could then at least see for themselves, and much verbal tumult might die down. One concludes, from their actions, that Leicester and Richmond are not going to associate themselves with any new fangled nonsense of this sort. Except, perhaps, the enterprising Richmond full-back, who, in that case, is yet another "man before his time."

Invaders from the "Ould Counthry"



BY MAC

Fourteen of those who will be "wearin' o' the green" at Twickenham in the International Rugger match on Saturday. Since this cartoon was drawn H. McVicker has taken the place of J. D. Clinch, who is unable to play

THE CINEMA

By YVONNE CLOUD

Illustrations by E. X. KAPP

"She showed me a plan"

IN the old town of Antibes, at the back of the bright Riviera, is a cinema. There are, in fact, several; but this one is no mere village shanty or dim parish-room; it is called the Grand Théâtre, and its foyer is not meaner than that of the Opera House in Paris, though less ostentatious.

The great uncovered stone floor, the cold plastered walls lend a sense of spaciousness to this vast and surprising entrance, and the lurid gallicised advertisements of American films leer at one hideously in the light of one high bare swinging bulb.

Inside the cinema itself (which is considerably smaller than its own foyer) the magnificent and the primitive vie with each other without at all amalgamating. Thus a large but not very musical orchestra performs in a sophisticated well, whilst the film issues—is projected—I know not the technical terms—from a hole in the wall between two of the back-row seats. Underneath this hole hangs a trellised window-box full of antique artificial flowers, so that none shall be offended by the crudity of this very necessary adjunct to the building.

The whole place is owned by the lady who sells the tickets, and who is also the mother of the lady who shows you to your seat and the grandmother of the sleeping infant this latter lady carries in her arms whilst performing her function.

The cinema is only open three days out of seven, and "even then you will see," said madame, the proprietress, with an air of kindly warning, "it will not be full at all." Yet every one of these occasions is a gala—"Trois Magnifiques Soirées de Gala cette Semaine au Grand Théâtre," that is how the posters are always headed—and rightly so, for do not the very early films of Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Fairbanks, and the like call for just such sincere and restrained jubilation as they here receive?

To the proprietress I addressed myself, saying I wanted two seats for the next night. She showed me a plan, and I asked for two in a central back *loge* designed to hold four persons.

"Ah, no madame," she said, "I am sorry, you cannot have those seats."

"Are they all taken already?" I asked.

"No, no, not at all. None of them is reserved, but I can only sell the four seats together, for naturally, if you were to arrive first you would take the two front places, and then the other people, who had paid quite as much, would be obliged to take the back two places, and they would be dissatisfied."

I could not be so rude as to say that she, the proprietress, was largely responsible for these difficulties arising.

"Very well," I said, "I will take the four seats."

She shook her head sadly, pained beyond words at having to refuse me.

"Why can't I do that?" I asked.

"Four people might not come to fill the seats. I know you are going to tell me that you will bring friends, but suppose your friends were prevented from coming at the last moment—illness perhaps—what then? The seats would be empty in the *loge.*"

"But if I have paid for them, how can that matter?"

Again she shook her head, worried to death; it mattered very much, "for," she said, pointing to the disposition of the other *loges* on her plan, "the people here and there would think I had only sold two seats in this central *loge,* and I always tell them I will sell four together or none. They would not be at all satisfied. I cannot have any unpleasantnesses in my theatre."

"The lady who shows you to your seat"

Upon that I swore by all that I cherished that four persons would come to claim the entire *loge* on the following night. She then wanted my name and address, which she inscribed on the plan, and when she handed me the tickets and saw that I, one of her patrons, was satisfied, her troubled brow cleared and she smiled contentedly.

The next night four of us honourably presented ourselves at madame's box-office. Her daughter and sleeping grandchild were hurrying to and from the theatre showing people to their places. She herself was in a state of nervous agitation, which, when she saw me, became immeasurably intensified.

"Ah, Madame," she almost wept, "it is you? It is to-night you come?"

"But yes," I replied apologetically.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she consulted her plans. "It is for to-morrow night I have reserved your *loge.* You see, here is your name and your address—for to-morrow night. To-night the family R—— of the Chemin des Sables occupy that *loge,*" and she showed me, on paper, that they did.

She was desolated; I wished very much to spare her pain.

She said: "Go in, ladies and gentlemen, sit anywhere you wish for this evening. Go in, free, and to-morrow night come again and you shall have your *loge.*"

Rather than let her feel we were sulking we went in and took some seats underneath the Hole in the Wall at the back. We stayed the show through, saw that old masterpiece, *Charlie at Work,* humorously improved by French captions, and enjoyed ourselves very much. As we left Madame rushed up to me, blinking eagerly through her spectacles, and pleaded that we should overlook her great fault and come to-morrow. But that would have been to carry the gesture a little far.

So now when I find myself at times in old Antibes, and am walking through the town, this anxious and generous little lady frequently accosts me by name, and says persuasively:—

"You will come to my theatre soon, Madame, yes? I will have the best seats for you any day of this week's gala nights you may choose. I owe them to you, I will not forget."

And although of course she doesn't, I really believe she never will.

A Very Happy Return

Bertram Park

MISS LILY ELSIE

Who is to make a very welcome reappearance on the London stage in "The Blue Train," the new musical comedy which is now in rehearsal. Two of the scenes are set on the Riviera and in Switzerland, while, with a train crew including Bobby Howes, Cecily Debenham and Arthur Margetson, it will evidently be on the right lines. The book and music are by Reginald Arkell and Robert Stolz respectively

PHYLLIS TITMUSS
JAMES LINDSAY
AND
DENNIS EADIE

Produced January 19, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is the standard make of the goods, and it is quite up to sample. On the one hand you have the alert criminals, foolishly confident of being able to elude the vigilance of the law and to get away with the swag, and on the other hand you have Cocksure the Detective who cannot fail to run the gang to earth with the deadly precision of the Moving Finger. The chief of the thieves is Major James Borwick (Mr. James Lindsay), and the assets of the company consist for the moment of a diamond necklace or so and some compromising letters of a Young Lady who confesses to have trodden the primrose path of dalliance, or thereabouts, when she was only an enquiring flapper. These, from the point of view of the expert blackmailer, should be worth quite a considerable sum.

THEN there is Jill (Miss Phyllis Titmuss). She is a nice little girl who from no fault of her own is the sister of the compromised Young Lady, and is also the niece of Major Borwick. When she is twenty-one she is to inherit a sum of twenty, thirty, forty thousand pounds, E and O. E. The precise amount does not really matter, because in plays and stories of this kind money can be quite easily made into a very liquid asset indeed. Jill's wicked Uncle has decided that she shall marry Arthur Mainwaring, who will impound her fortune, and, it is confidently hoped, share it out with his comrades. This part of Mainwaring is extremely well played by Mr. Cronin Wilson, whose nervous apprehensions that the gang is being watched and tracked help to increase the excitement from the very beginning of things, while his valiant and sustained endeavour to derive courage from the whisky bottle is an education in itself.

Stage Photo Co.

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT

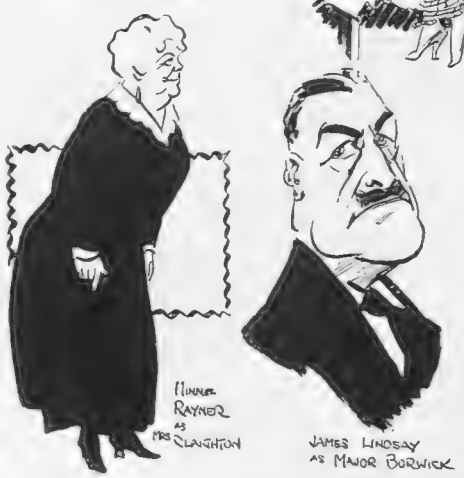
Major Borwick (James Lindsay) shows signs of displeasure with Scrubby, a member of his gang (S. Victor Stanley). Hemming (Lewin Mannering) evidently shares the Major's feelings

THEN there is Peter Carstairs, the same being Mr. Dennis Eadie, one of the sleuthest of the sleuths. He is the usual type of self-reliant detective, who needs no assistance when roping in a gang of criminals, as he prefers to work alone for the pleasurable excitement of the thing. He does not even claim to be a police officer, but is just a quiet gentleman attached to the Intelligence Department, with the rather invidious explanation that he is only occasionally employed by Scotland Yard. Quite! It happens that Jill, not unnaturally shrinking from a professional thief and chronic drunkard like Mainwaring, has fallen in love with Peter Carstairs, doubtless preferring to be on the side of the angels.

BUT Mainwaring is prepared to go to any lengths to possess Jill's thousands and thousands. There is no half-way house in plays of this sort. So, one evening, when he is sitting beside the gentle Jill, he stuffs a doped cloth into her comely features, and then bears her unconscious form away to the gang's lair at Wapping, famous in song and story for its Old Stairs. Peter Carstairs is, of course, hot on the trail at once. Merely pausing for an instant or so to give into custody two sinful men who have attempted to murder him, he dashes in his car to the den at Wapping, undeterred by the knowledge that some of the gang are waiting on the doorstep to do him in.

THE great scene is in the Third Act. Here we see the fair Jill lying on a couch, bound hand and foot, and only

DENNIS EADIE AS PETER CARITARI AND THE GANG



half-recovered from her dose of dope, while Mainwaring and the Major discuss their plans for rushing her away to the Continent, where, presumably, the facilities for marrying a lady against her will are greater than in this our modest England. Then Mainwaring has an extra drink or so one over the nineteen—and is engaged in showering maudlin caresses on Jill when the gallant Peter comes dashing through the open window like a true hero of the drama, and knocks the fellow out with a straight left. In due course Mainwaring is dragged by his associates into an adjoining room to sleep his trouble off, and is apparently forgotten. When at the end of the play retributive justice is meted out to the rest of the gang, in one form or another, we hear nothing of Mainwaring. Perhaps he has given Peter the Masonic sign of the Ancient Order of Frothblowers, and is saved accordingly. There is an old Spanish proverb that says, with rather disastrous logic: He who drinks, sleeps; he who sleeps commits no sin; and he who commits no sin goes to Heaven. So let's all hope for the best.

CAPTURED by the thieves in their den, Peter is bound with a rope to a pillar, and is then left in charge of Hemming (Mr. Lewin Mannering), an ex-convict who walks round him menacingly, undecided whether it would be best to do him in with a jab from a putty knife or a slosh from a crowbar. Then, with pleasing and exciting ingenuity, Peter suddenly frees himself. Hemming had gone for a moment into the adjoining room. It is the work of a moment to draw the bolt and shut him in, and then the excitement fairly hums. Peter is running about trying to effect the escape of himself and Jill, and all the while Hemming is gradually splintering the bolted door into matchwood. In true detective style Peter smashes the lamp that lights the scene, as Hemming is now back in the room. He rushes to the open window, and then Peter suddenly pops round a corner unexpectedly, and gets the drop on Hemming, who falls backward into the river, which is pursuing its usual course some seventy feet below. And the heroine is Saved Again!

BUT that is not all. Between the Third and Fourth Acts Jill and Peter have been married, which, of course, explains why we next find him in the dear girl's bedroom. While Jill is peacefully reading, propped up in bed, awaiting the return of her Peter, we see a strange Hand suddenly wiggling about outside the door of the wardrobe, and we are thus pleasantly notified that the villain is still pursuing her. Presently the Major emerges from the wardrobe, and says he must have money. He also wants to catch Peter unawares, and puts some dope into a glass from which Peter will presently drink. Then he creeps back to the wardrobe with the horrid and unkind threat that if he catches Jill making the least sign of warning he will shoot Peter dead at sight.

ON his return Peter is about to drink from the doped glass, and Jill racks her bright little brains for a means of saving him from his fate. Then swiftly, and with an ingenuity that cannot be too highly praised, she opens her nightie at the throat, and, snatching her lipstick, hurriedly paints on her lily-white chest the warning, "Doped." After that, of course, the rest is easy. The play is not without its improbabilities here and there, but we gladly swallow them for the sake of the rest of the excellent entertainment that should easily draw the Town. JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

THE LADY IN THE CASE

Jill (Phyllis Titmuss) lies bound in the gang's lair in Wapping while Major Borwick and Hemming discuss what is to be done with her. Meanwhile Arthur Mainwaring (W. Cronin Wilson) takes an absorbing interest in business of his own

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A CORRESPONDENT says that in China no one thinks anything of an execution. Apparently, they don't take life seriously.

. . . . . .

OXFORD civic authorities wish to pay a tribute of respect to the President of Magdalen College. Why don't they give Dr. Warren the freedom of the burrow?

. . . . . .

CRICKET reformers are already starting to get busy. There are far too many of these stump orators.

. . . . . .

"I'VE just met a poor fellow who is half blind and completely crippled."

"That must be the chap who refereed our last footer match."

. . . . . .

"DON'T you know that it's a sin to play golf on Sunday?"

"Anyhow, my opponent is making me pay for my sins!"

. . . . . .

There was a young fellow of Bicester,
Who called on his sweetheart but micester.
Did he rail in the hall
At his luck? Not at all:
He met her young sicester and kicester.

. . . . . .

AN elderly lady wrote last week in a journal that kissing is injurious to health. She should not believe all she reads.

. . . . . .

WE read that in some parts of Central Africa a wife can be purchased for twenty-five shillings. Some of these natives have no idea of the value of money.

When certain moneylending clans
Have come to their allotted spans,

When he, who runs a bucket-shop,
Finds there's a time when hearts must stop,

When grocers, who give shortish weight,
Are all laid out in solemn state,

When he, who's welshed you, finds at last
The Pale Horse runs a bit too fast,

When all the profiteering lot
Eventually go to pot,

When all, like these, who've met their fate,
Come clamouring round Peter's gate,
And get by chance in heaven's fold,
Why, then, Lawd 'elp them streets of gold!

. . . . . .

"MY son burns the midnight oil every night."

"Does that explain why he's always out at the witching hour in his car?"

FEB. AND FLO'

"Flo', fly with me," I fondly cried,
"And be my blushing, blooming bride:
Elope with me, my sweet, to-day,
Let's get the old Ford under weigh,
And let the nuptial knot be tied.

"Avaunt with any more delay!
What though the licence I can't pay—
What though I'm broke unto the wide—
Flo', fly with me!

And then she gave me "such a look,"
And coughed, "Begone, and take your hook.
You see how ill I am (a sneeze),
Don't worry me" (another wheeze),
And so I went and sadly took
Flo's 'flu with me!

. . . . . .

WE read recently that "Young stole from the scrum." We suppose this is the sort of petty theft that a Black-heathen would commit.

. . . . . .

A COMEDIAN says it is easy to sing a song while you are upside down. He declares he can do a simple thing like that on his head.

. . . . . .

A LADY novelist says that men in love can be as jealous as cats. She might as well have called them Romeows.

. . . . . .

WHY is it, we are asked, that most Government officials prefer revolving chairs in their offices. We suppose they wish to maintain the traditions of the Swivel Service.

. . . . . .

A QUACK doctor has left all his money to a lunatic asylum. Few doctors remember their patients in such a handsome manner.

. . . . . .

"I HAD a curious dream last night," remarked Jones. "I dreamt that I was with others in hell and we were all walking round a huge circle."

"What was it like?" asked his pal.

"Oh, it was just one d——d thing after another!"

. . . . . .

AN American visitor states that the sight of our Inns of Court gives him a headache. Now he knows what a throbbing Temple is like.

By STAN TERRY

THE FROZEN MITT!

ABELSON (*after walking miles without speaking*): "Vy don't you thay someting?"

AARONSON: "Freeze your own handth!"

Order ! Order !

BY H. M. BATEMAN

RÈGLEMENT D'ORDRE

Art 5. "Les conversations à haute voix sont interdites dans les Salons de Lecture et de Jeux"

"A splendid Nerve Restorer"

Miss PATSY RUTH MILLER

"If you are feeling run down, or are working very hard, I should advise you to follow my example, and take a cup of 'Ovaltine' before going to bed. It really does make one feel strong and healthy, and is a splendid nerve restorer."

This is Miss Miller's advice to all who work by hand or brain. "Ovaltine" is a delicious and easily digested food beverage which is supremely rich in all those vital food essentials which rebuild the nerves and create reserves of health and vitality. Made from malt, milk, eggs and cocoa—Nature's Tonic Foods.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

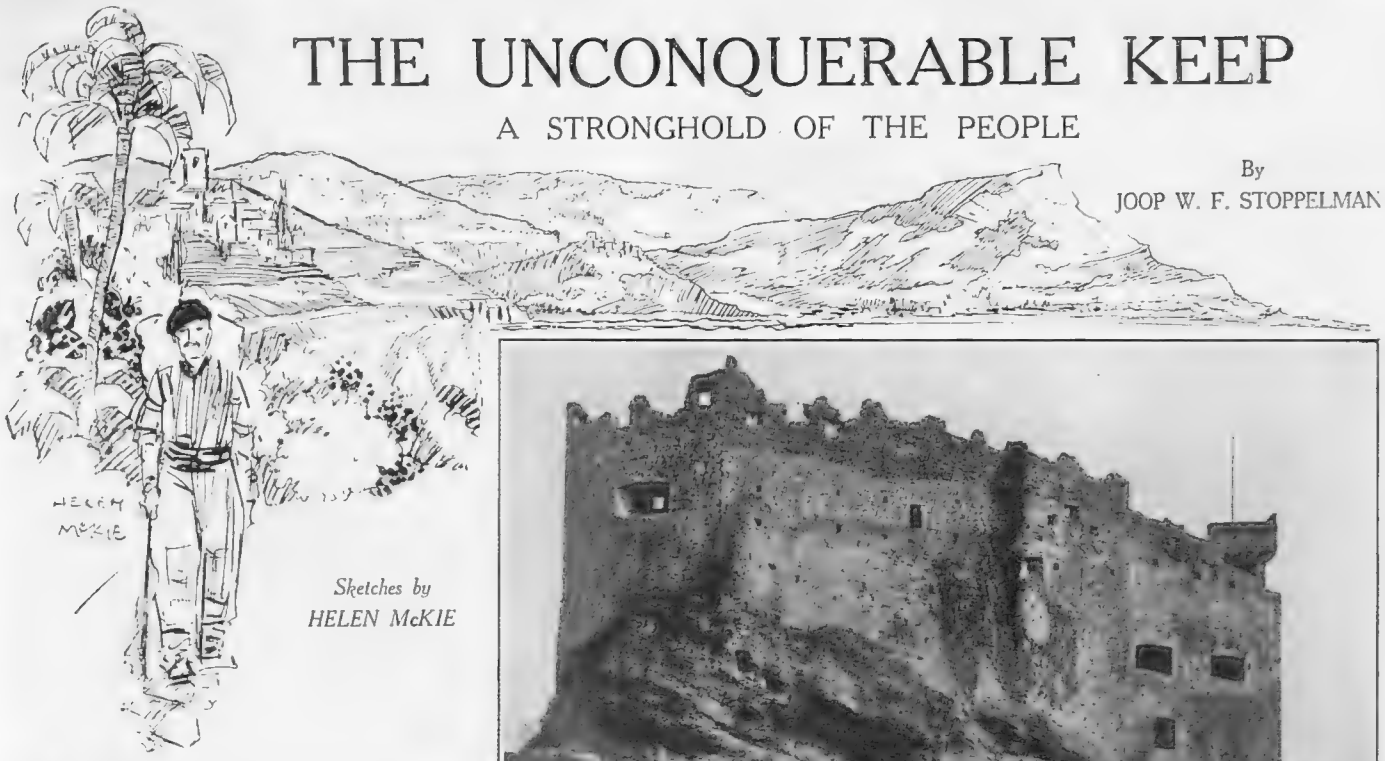
Obtainable throughout the British Empire.
Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

P. 418

THE UNCONQUERABLE KEEP

A STRONGHOLD OF THE PEOPLE

By JOOP W. F. STOPPELMAN



Sketches by HELEN McKIE

The northern wall of Roquebrune's ancient keep

THE French Republic, one and indivisible, had triumphantly taken possession of the earthly Paradise that borders the Mediterranean from Nice, the beautiful, to the Italian frontier. Palaces and luxurious gardens, fertile vineyards and rich olive groves were confiscated right and left; and of all this valuable loot some less important buildings were gradually disposed of. Could not the Napoleonic treasury always do with money, wherever and in whatever manner procured?

And thus, in the summer of 1808, four respectful inhabitants of the village of Roquebrune bought—by public auction and for less than five hundred francs—the castle that for longer than eight centuries protected their ancestors against their enemies.

Whether a vague expectation of future gain or a feeling of filial devotion to the ancient keep induced them to this financial sacrifice will never be discovered.

. . . . .

Though the village grew in course of time so entirely dependent on its *Donjon,* it existed long before any stronghold appeared near this peaceful gulf of the great ocean.

When Phœnician traders ventured near the ancient road that formed the only connection between the Orient and the West they found the caves of these *roches brunes* inhabited by Ligurians, that first Aryan race to settle down on European soil. And in those dwellings the Roman soldiers entering Gaul in the wake of their indomitable leader Cæsar found rest after tiring marches along that self-same ancient military way, then known as the Via Julia-Augusta.

Hundreds of years passed by; Roman power crumbled to dust, and Christianity won the day. Close to Roquebrune the holy Martin founded his little Basilica, to the glory of a new and mighty religion, a movement that was destined to conquer the world.

Only when the attacks of the Saracens became more and more impudent, when these Moors, encouraged by the laxity of white defence, arrived in hordes, plundered, looted the settlements along the coast, called themselves masters of the country, building their fortresses and mixing their blood with that of the Aryan race, the link between the Christian creed and the men of Roquebrune was carefully forged, to last for evermore.

Now or never, it was realised, the Saracens would have to be repulsed. The Pope himself called the Counts of Provence to arms; and though the struggle was hard and lasted long it was crowned by ultimate success. Driven from their strongholds, surrounded by the armies of the Counts, which had found enforcement from some towns courageous enough to join the battle for peace, the Saracens hastily packed their ill-gotten treasures and left the coast where for more than a hundred years they had reigned supreme.

But this defeat was not enough: the conquest had to be lasting. Wherefore, Guillaume I and the Emperor of France jointly ordered their vassals to erect defensive castles, sufficiently for-

A street in Roquebrune

A picturesque corner

bidding to discourage the Moors in any desire for renewed invasion.

. . . . .

This was the seed from which Roquebrune's *Donjon* sprang. Conrad I, Count of Ventimiglia, and owner of large areas of the blessed, fertile land along the Mediterranean, was one of the first to carry out the high command.

On the top of the brown rocks, near the settlement already existing, he built his stronghold. From here he commanded a view of nearly sixty miles over the scintillating expanse of water, that ever changes its colour from the most delicate blue to crudest green, with patches of heliotrope and mauve, molten gold and silver. He also held the road along which so many generations had marched from East to West in search of conquest and grandeur; he kept himself ready against any attacks, be it from the Moors or from a neighbouring count. For the friends of to-day might easily become one's enemies on the morrow!

At the foot of this castle, and within the outer walls, the villagers now built their houses, in a semi-circle, close together, like a cluster of cold and frightened kittens, pressing against each other, hugging the warm, protective body of the mother cat.

You will find them so this very day; still young and fresh, notwithstanding the burden of a thousand years that lies upon their rusty-brown roofs.

. . . . .

When Conrad I erected his keep his main material was the stone of the rock itself. And, thanks to this circumstance, the Castle of Roquebrune may now be counted among the rare examples of tenth-century *donjons* that have, in the main features of their architecture, remained unchanged, even if progressive methods of self-defence necessitated minor alterations while time passed by.

If, for instance, in the beginning of its existence a drawbridge belonged to the most indispensable parts of the defensive system, if staircases were the things that must be strictly avoided, so that no enemy would find access made ridiculously easy—all necessity for either the one or the other ceased as soon as firearms came in use, and hand-to-hand fights made place for attacks at longer distance. But although the holes through which the archers aimed their shots became useless, although the slits in floors and walls through which the most intrepid enemies who dared to scale the castle walls would be treated to shower baths of boiling oil and molten lead, or to a rain of weighty stones, were no longer of importance in planning their line of defence, yet neither the fifteenth-century *Seigneurs* nor their successors destroyed these inventions that served their ancestors so well.

The Genoese Grimaldis, into whose hands the Castle fell about the middle of the fourteenth century, and to whom it belonged (with the short interval of Napoleonic glory) until the final upheavals of 1848, rebuilt the interior many times, either because it had suffered in battle, or for the sake of introducing new means of fighting the enemy.

. . . . .

Whatever the *Seigneurs* of Roquebrune may have lacked, they cannot be accused of having been unpractical. Not only was the precious water supply under their direct jurisdiction, but adjoining the Reception Hall provision stores were hewn out in the bare rock, containing everything required to stand a long and bitter siege bravely without disturbance from the pangs of hunger.

However many Counts of Ventimiglia and descendants of the illustrious Grimaldi stock once called this castle their very own, it now belongs to the aged historian, once a prominent collaborator on the Paris *Journal des Débats*.

He reshaped its long-forgotten halls, neglected since the submission to French authority; rediscovered its secret passages; dug, single-handed, down to the level of its moat; unearthed again the ramparts that were covered with dirt and layers of rotten vegetation.

The plans that M. Delval unfolded to me are very ambitious indeed. The *Grande Salle* will see its vaulted roof restored, and all its other ornaments; the square tower, fallen victim to the troubles of the Austrian Succession wars, will be rebuilt. In every detail the old keep will be given back its original character and appearance.

J. W. F. S.

"Four respectful inhabitants bought the castle"

"These Happy Walks and Shades"

Fred Daniels

HOUCHINO

A study in leafy surroundings of the beautiful actress and film star, who, in spite of her name, is English. She possesses the gift, which is rather rare among those who act before the camera, of a mezzo-soprano voice of great charm

The Three

THERE'S a road that skirts the hills of green
Where sun-kissed vines and olives grow ;
Above, a sky of dazzling sheen
And a sea of tideless blue below.
There's a gallant army, proudly led,
With flaunting standards waved on high ;
And upon the road, the dusty tread
Of Roman legions tramping by.
On a sea of spears the sunlight gleams
And gaily flash the falchions strong ;
While, dreaming Conquest's golden dreams,
Their stout commander rides along.
Great Cæsar, hymned in many an ode,
Comes riding up the Corniche Road.

He needs must reap where he has sowed . . .

IMPERIAL Cæsar's turned to clay,
And legions Cæsar never knew
Now make a jocund holiday
Beside the sea of tideless blue.
The Emperor sleeps in far-off tomb ;
His star is set ; his day is done ;
But still the gay mimosas bloom,
The vineyards ripen in the sun.
For hosts and heroes come and go,
But Youth and Hope are ever new ;
For Youth the golden olives blow,
For Hope the sky is ever blue.
Now Youth and Hope—a merry load—
Go laughing down the Corniche Road.

A. A. THOMSON

e Invasions

Great Cæsar, hymned in many an ode, Comes riding up the Corniche Road

UPON that road, beneath that sky,
Above that azure tideless sea,
Another host goes marching by
Along the road to Italy.
Again the sunbeams dart and dance
On nodding plume and steel cuirass ;
The clattering squadrons, flower of France,
Salute their leader as they pass.
A patriot-army, like a flood
Comes surging downward by the sea,
Toward Honour, Glory, Carnage, Blood . . .
Led by the Man of Destiny
He needs must reap where he has sowed . . .
Napoleon takes the Corniche Road.

Youth and Hope—a merry load—

Horace W. Nicholls

"LA PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS"—ET DES AUTRES!

Eleven o'clock on a bright sunny morning finds the famous promenade at Nice packed with visitors "taking the air." Despite its name, it is certainly not exclusively reserved for our compatriots, indeed, at times almost every nationality in the world appears to be represented

"Celia crossed her slim legs and showed plenty of stocking"

PEOPLE I REMEMBER

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustration by LEO BATES*

No. V. THE DIAMOND QUEEN

ADMITTEDLY the party was pretty mixed; admittedly our hostess wore jewellery that was—well, a little ostentatious. She had a single diamond set in a ring on her finger that was big enough to blind you. For all that, Celia should not have said to George so loudly that the hostess overheard: "Aren't these people impossible?" Nor George have replied: "Well, what can you expect if you come to a show given by a *nouveau riche!*"

Well champagne flowed; sandwiches made of caviare brought over by aeroplane were eaten; orchids and roses were trampled under foot; and the night wore on.

By one o'clock George and Celia had danced themselves to a standstill. They came into the smoking room and flung themselves into two chairs.

"Who is this woman?" George asked.

"What woman?"

"The one that is giving the party; must say she does things pretty well."

"So she ought to, if she is going to invite people like us," said Celia, crossing her slim legs and showing plenty of stocking.

Celia was a cheap little skate for all that she was pretty. She hadn't the drive to go out and earn money in a shop, so that she could buy herself stockings of real silk. Nor had George the brains to earn the money to buy them for her. However, they could both do the Charleston and had parents they could live upon at home.

My thoughts turned to the time when I had last seen the lady in whose house we were. It was in Brazil, about five hundred miles up country. I had come to a little town called Diamintina. Nobody ever remembers Diamintina now; but once it was quite an important place. The Bandeirantes first went there in search of gold and precious stones. Thousands of slaves used to work in the district, and big fortunes were made. But that was a long time ago. The mines became worked out; the South African diamond fields were discovered; and Diamintina ceased to matter.

I had gone there to try to trace some details of early Jesuit history. There was an inn of sorts kept by a man who was half Portuguese and half nigger. He spoke a little English and was by far the most civilised individual in the place. It was he who told me with a chuckle that there were some mad English some leagues away looking for diamonds. He chuckled, because everyone in Diamintina knew there were no more diamonds left.

Well, I thought I would ride out and pay my country folk a visit. So I got a mule from that scallawag innkeeper and set off along the old track that the original prospectors made a hundred years ago. It was grand scenery passing out of the dense jungle into a land of clear-cut mountains, rivers strewn with giant grey boulders, mighty ravines, and crystal waterfalls. But it was lonely. Lord, I never felt anything like the loneliness of those highlands of Brazil. There were no newspapers there; they only got a mail about once a week, and, of course, wireless, for general use, was not in existence.

Riding along, I wondered what sort of Englishmen I should find upon this wild goose chase in the back of beyond. Presently I came on a plank and mud hut.

There was a woman standing in the doorway of the hut. Her sleeves were rolled back to the elbow; her arms and face smeared with yellowish-red mud. She stood very still, watching me silently; a little resentfully it seemed. I called out "Good day" in English.

For a moment she remained mute; then her expression changed to one of wonderment.

"Are you English?" she asked slowly.

I assured her that I was.

She continued to stare at me, still seeming to find speech difficult.

"Then you are the first I have seen for six months," she said at length. "Tie your mule up and come inside."

I tied the mule up and followed her into the two-roomed house. The living room was furnished with a wicker chair, a rickety sofa, a deal table, and two wooden chairs. Some pictures, torn from magazines, had been tacked on to the walls. A man lay stretched on the sofa; he looked pale and ill; his legs were swathed in bandages.

"Bob; here is a visitor," she said, adding to me: "my husband is on the sick list; he has got a *garapato* poisoning."

Now *garapato* poisoning, which comes from the bite of the little insect of that name, can be serious or can be slight. Those who have it badly often sleep in their boots to keep themselves from tearing at their limbs, so intense can be the irritation. The man seemed to have a pretty bad go of the complaint.

"Can't get rid of it," he told me; "never shall now till I can get out of this country to a change of climate."

It did not seem very wise for him to stay there getting steadily worse; but the reason for this was presently explained.

The man, it seemed, had been a mining prospector; he would go off looking for oil, gold, diamonds—anything, anywhere.

Like many rolling stones, he had lived a highly adventurous life without gathering much moss. On a flying visit to England he had met his present wife. At that time she had never left England, indeed rarely been away from the small seaside town where she had her home.

They had fallen in love and he had told her his latest and, as he believed, his greatest secret. This was that in his wanderings he had heard that up in Minas Geraes there was a famous pipe of diamonds that some Jesuits had discovered but never tapped. He proposed to buy the concession to mine in the area, which he could get for a comparatively small sum, as the ground was supposed to have been worked out long ago. It was a gamble; he might spend everything he had, or he might make a fortune. The girl took the gamble, and, what was more, she insisted on being allowed to take an active part. They would marry and go out to look for the diamond mine together. He told her it was a wild country, lonely and not over-healthy. She stuck to her guns. So they married and went out.

Well, when I found them, the plucky young couple were about down to their last chip. They had been six months on the ground without finding a sign of a diamond; they had nearly eaten through their last month's stock of provisions, and they had no money to take into the nearest town to buy more. Now the man had gone down with *garapato* poisoning.

If ever a woman had born in her the qualities of a Florence Nightingale and Joan of Arc, that girl had. By night she nursed her husband; by day she worked the mine, single handed. It sounds a tall order for a woman to work a diamond mine single handed. But a diamond mine may mean anything from the first hole scratched in a river bank with a prospector's pick to a great area of diamond bearing soil being worked with all the latest plant.

They had not much plant. The place they were working resembled the face of a quarry of many colours; streaks of yellow clay, purple-tinged boulders, here a mass of blue stone, or French grey, or brown or pink. By means of a pump the soil was washed away and carried down a water chute to a dump where it was sorted. That girl told me that since her husband fell sick she had herself washed and panned tons of soil. She showed me with pride how she had learned to work a sorting pan, shaking and reversing with the correct jerk that brings the diamonds to the top of the soil when the pan is turned out on the sorting table. But never a diamond yet had come to lighten the strain of aching arms and back.

"However, we are going to stick it, aren't we, Bob?" she said brightly; "we know that old pipe is somewhere."

We had supper that night and they started up an old gramophone for which they had three cracked records. I had a bottle of whiskey with me from which we made punch. It was a gay evening, and a bit of a change for a lonely couple that had not seen a white man for months. I remember we talked about life and pleasure and that the hostess said how little difference money really made.

"There is only one reason I would like to be rich," she said; "I'd like to be able to give everyone I knew a wonderful time."

Next day I rode away. The couple stood in the doorway to see me start, and I will always remember one little incident. At breakfast the girl had been smiling and gay. Something told her, she said, that they were going to find the pipe that week. Knowing how hardly solitude presses on a woman, one could only have the most enormous admiration for her pluck and a bit of a bone in one's throat at the thought of leaving her there like that. We had shaken hands; I had mounted and ridden a little distance when I remembered a few cigarettes might be of use. I rode back; the man had gone into the house, the girl was standing alone looking out over the desolate mountains of Minas Geraes. There were tears in her eyes—tears that she had never meant any living soul to see.

And this was the woman whom George and Celia disparaged and whom others laughed at too. For was she not the immensely wealthy wife of the latest diamond king (yes, the pipe was there all right—that diamond ring she now wore was made from the first big stone she found herself). And was she not always giving parties to which she asked the most extraordinary collection of people? And did not she spend money on these parties in the most outrageous fashion?

True. But how many of those who drank her wine and laughed at her as London's latest and most vulgar *nouveau riche* knew the truth? How many people, indeed, who have laughed at other newly rich, have had the right to do so? We all have in our time, maybe, but that is no answer. A. M.

By Frank Ford

HELP!

"I want a packet of cigarettes, please. I've forgotten the name of them, but they're the kind the advertisements speak so highly of"

NO CATCH!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The man who made up his mind not to catch the 'flu

"After the Ball was Over":

LADY EDNAM

Topical

L. N. A.

VISCOUNTESS ADARE, LORD STANLEY and MISS MONICA SHERRIFF

L. N. A.

LADY ANCASTER, LADY WORSLEY, MISS PAYNE GALLWEY and MRS. HARRISON

Topical

LADY PATRICIA WARD

Some of those who attended the Quorn "Hunt Ball" meet, which was recently held at Egerton Lodge, Melton Mowbray, on the morning after the Hunt Ball. The meet took place in a stiff gale

Hunt Ball Meets in Two Counties

Alfieri

MISS BRIDGET BARNETT and LADY ROSE McDONNELL

Alfieri

LORD DOWNSHIRE and MRS. CARY BARNARD

Brit. Illus.

MISS NANCY CHARRINGTON and MR. PETER CHARRINGTON

Alfieri

SIR ALGERNON OSBORN with LADY OSBORN and MISS DOROTHY OSBORN

Alfieri

COLONEL WINNARD, MR. LANCELOT DE LISLE, MRS. WINNARD and MRS. OMMANNEY

The Garth followed their Hunt Ball with a meet at Easthampstead Park, Lord Downshire's seat near Wokingham. The above photographs of members of the field and onlookers were taken before hounds moved off

Washing

By Basil Macdonald Hastings.

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

I DID not know anything about washing. (Chorus of Readers: "Yo-ho, Yo-ho! Evae, evae for the victory! Here at last is something of which the fellow owns his ignorance. Leap in the air, ye nationals, ye brothers of sea-shrimps. Form and advance in a semi-circle. Fling the leg upward, if your ligaments are not yet busted by the Charleston. Cry Evae, Eulalietee and Bow-wow! For our author is humble for the first time in his life. Yo-ho, ho-ho! Evae for the victory!")

There's a silly row to make. I said that I *did* not know anything about washing. I know everything now.

It is necessary for me to mention underwear. Once upon a time that would have sent one all of a didder. The editor would have swallowed a whole bottle of aspirin and, if doped into publishing a reference to an undervest and pants, would have lost one hundred thousand readers. Those times are past. One does not say, "Mabel, there is a ribbon loose on your unmentionables." One says, "Mabel, there is a ribbon loose on your mentionables." Much better.

But about these vest and pants. You know how things go to and from a laundry. On Tuesday they are put in a basket with a catalogue of other objects and carried away to a place where you hope you will never go. On Saturday all that are not lost come back, and you pay a large sum of money to a man for his kindness in bringing back the objects he could find. Then you go out to the Stores and pay another large sum of money to replace the articles the laundry have lost. This is great for trade.

Well, I have never complained about things being lost. Supposing, for example, you send ten table-napkins. Well, you get seven back. But why not? Perhaps the manager of the laundry is splashy with his soup. I do not suggest for one moment that he takes your napkins with him to meals. But when he returns from a meal, it may well be that he notices the dampness of his waistcoat, and what could be more natural than that he should pick up the nearest table-napkin and give himself a clean? Do you take him for the sort of man who would send the napkin back to you after he had soiled it? Certainly not. He tosses it into the basket for next week's wash and the end of it is that a clerk puts it along with other napkins in the basket for the West Ham Union.

I lose too many things myself to blame other people for losing sight of a collar or a dickey or the leg of a suit of pyjamas. But I think I have some grievance against people who, without invitation, convert my vest and pants into a suit of chain armour.

When the news first came I did not realise its import. I sat in bed wearing my nightcap, sipping Turkish mocha and emptying cheques from the morning's post. Suddenly there came an envelope with no money in it. Brushing aside my natural chagrin, I read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—We regret to say we have boiled your vests and pants. Will you be good enough to say what compensation you will accept?"

Well, what would you have thought or exclaimed or done?

They had boiled my vest and pants.

But why not?

Aren't all clothes boiled? When we wear evening dress, do we not say, "Oh, Lord! I've got to put on a boiled shirt?" What are coppers but boilers?

At that moment my wife entered the room.

"Here is an odd thing," said I. "The laundry has apparently been in the habit of dipping my vest and pants in cold water and just giving them a rinse. This week they have washed them properly by boiling and, with a sense of humour most unexpected in such a quarter, are offering to pay me compensation because for once they have done the job properly."

(Continued on page 276)

"Having round some bright people to meet them"

ALWAYS ASK FOR

WHISKEY

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

JOHN JAMESON & SON LIMITED DUBLIN
LONDON OFFICE: 7 MARK LANE E.C.3

PARIS: Agent: A. Rouland, 14 Rue Vignon. CALCUTTA: Agent: G. F. Kellner & Co., Ltd. BOMBAY: Agent: Phipson & Co., Ltd. MADRAS: Agent: Spencer & Co., Ltd. EGYPT & SUDAN: Sender & Co., Ltd. SOUTH AFRICA: Tayler & Reis, Ltd., Port Elizabeth

"Boiled your vest and pants! Then they've ruined them. Don't you realise that fine wool must not be boiled? Offering compensation, indeed! I should think they would!"

"Then what happens to woollen underwear when boiled?"

"It becomes as hard as wood or a wire carpet. And those things of yours are absolutely new. They must pay the full value."

I said nothing. I know little about life, but I do know that nobody pays full value. A Scotchman had to pay me £100 once, and he made out the cheque for £99 19s. 11d., just because he gave me a light for my cigarette.

On Saturday the vest and pants came home. Well, they gave me my best laugh since the Locarno Pact. The silly things were so hard that they actually stood up. You could scarcely have got 'em to take a chair. Really they were so droll that I thought of giving a dinner party in their honour and having round some bright people to meet them.

My wife, however, saw only the debit side of the accident. With grim resolution she took the garments to the shop where they were bought, with a view to obtaining a certificate of their value.

Dreadful scenes were witnessed on her arrival. I admit that I was not there, but my account is based on a verbal report supported, certainly, by a touch or two of colour which any artist would be justified in applying.

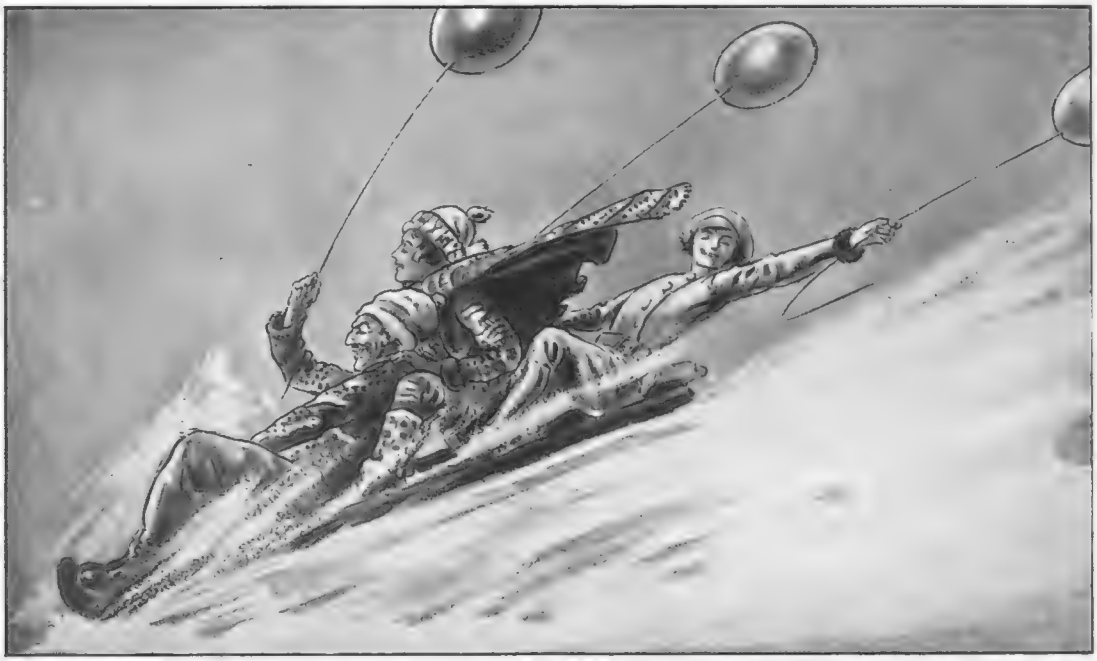
The first spectator of the cast-iron vest and pants was young. He turned pale, but was not sufficiently interested in the business to swoon. He went tremblingly, however, to the manager, who, when he knew the worst, ran screaming to the board-room.

Presently to the board-room the terrible objects were borne, past rows and rows of blanched male and female faces. My wife says that the garments were placed on the board-room table, and for some time the directors just sobbed miserably. Presently—and here is a touch that you can believe I am inventing, or not, just as you wish—the president of the firm rose from the table, went to the fireplace and, seizing a magnificent portrait of a certain cardinal which hung over it, turned the face to the wall.

My wife came home with a certificate that the value of the two quite new garments was 21s. and 20s. 6d. We then applied to the laundry for a cheque for £2 1s. 6d.

Such a nice letter came back. The laundry was willing to "stretch a point." We were invited to read the enclosed book of rules for washing, and accept 15s. in full settlement.

The first joke was that the rules enclosed were *those of another laundry*. The second joke was that I had to add £1 6s. 6d. to the sum of 15s. they offered me and go out and get myself another vest and pants. The laundry made a mistake and it cost them 15s. I made no mistake and it cost me 26s. 6d. But isn't it all good for trade, and do I or do I not know now all about washing? B. M. H.



We used to wonder why lugeing parties so often carried toy balloons

By L. R. Brightwell

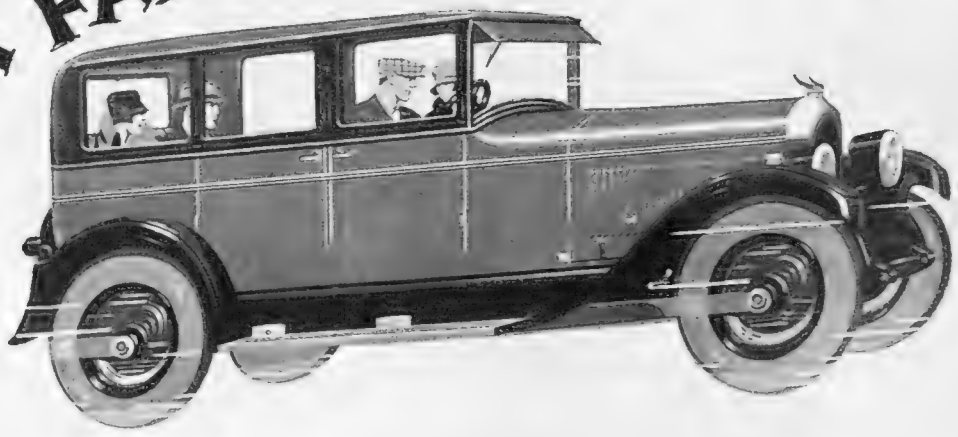
Now we know—it's just to guide the search party

CATCHING THEIR DRIFT

To Froth Blowers

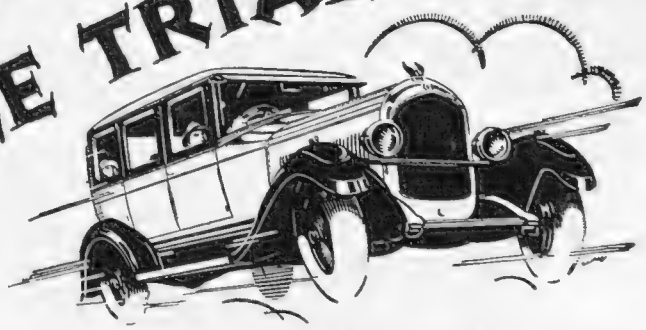
Members of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers will doubtless be glad to know of a new way of helping the wee waifs. Lt.-Col. P. C. Saunders is starting Auto-outings for Bairns, a scheme for taking children from the slums of London and giving them a day at the seaside or in the country. If any readers would like to lend their car for one day for this purpose full details of the scheme will gladly be supplied by Lt.-Col. P. C. Saunders, O.B.E., c/o Messrs. Auto-Auctions, Ltd., Horseferry Rd., London.

A CLOSED CHRYSLER GIVES YOU MORE THAN A FAIR WEATHER CAR



IN WINTER, with the windows shut —a closed Chrysler is as warm and draughtless as your own fireside. In summer, cool and airy as an open car—but free from dust. Feel the lightning acceleration! Notice the perfect finish and graceful lines, and the uninterrupted view through the wide windows. Now is the time to visit our showrooms! See the wide range of closed models, with their six-cylinder engines and hydraulic brakes—and let us arrange for a free trial run. Ride in comfort at 60 m.p.h. in a "Sixty" Coupé. Speed along at 70 in the elegant "Seventy" Saloon. Or streak past at 80 in the magnificent "Eighty" Limousine. No other cars can give you such luxury with such performance—at Chrysler prices

ARRANGE FOR A FREE TRIAL RUN TODAY



CHRYSLER MOTORS LTD., MORTLAKE ROAD, KEW GARDENS, SURREY. DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Feminine charms of to-day and yesterday.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS (Mrs Seymour Hicks) and MISS BETTY SEYMOUR HICKS

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS carries a weight of more genuine affection than perhaps any other English actress, with the exception of Miss Ellen Terry. For a generation she has been associated in the minds of the public with so many charming parts in so many charming plays with her talented and popular husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks. Their marriage was a romance—a runaway match which has proved the greatest of all the successes they have carried through together. And now we have the satisfaction of seeing Miss Terriss' charms reproduced in her pretty daughter, Miss Betty Seymour Hicks.

"Nothing better than Pond's."

"I have brought her up on Pond's," said Miss Terriss. "As soon as she emerged from the schoolgirl chrysalis I insisted on her doing all she could to keep the young delicacy of her skin. And for that there is nothing better than Pond's Two Creams. They are simple and very effective. I myself remember *Pond's Vanishing Cream* years and years ago. I think it was the first of the toilet creams, and although many have come after, they have never equalled Pond's. I am glad to see it maintains its position in front of all others, for it certainly deserves to be there."

What the modern girl knows.

Miss Hicks agrees with her mother on the value of Pond's Two Creams. "The modern girl's views on skin cleanliness are very different from those of my mother's days. Washing the face and hands in soap and water is all very well, but in these days of grimy smoke-laden atmosphere, something more must be done. The modern girl knows that the surface of the skin is the least important—it is the 'under-surface' that makes the hands and complexion soft and delicate. To get the dirt out from 'down below' you must use *Pond's Cold Cream*. Soap and water are no good at all. *Pond's Cold Cream* makes the skin clean *right through*—and leaves it soft and supple. That is why so many women are staying younger longer than they did a generation ago. The general use of Pond's is postponing the inevitable day of lines and wrinkles. Mother says that English girls of to-day are prettier than ever. If that is so I think some of the credit must be given to Pond's Two Creams—the efficient *Cold Cream* and the adorable *Vanishing Cream*—for nearly everyone uses them."

Ellaline Terriss

Betty Seymour Hicks

The one Safe Method of Caring for the Skin. Pond's Two favourite Creams, as Miss Terriss says, form a complete method of caring for every normal skin. During the day apply *Pond's Vanishing Cream*, it will give your skin a delicate finish and protect it from harsh weather. Your powder will cling longer and more evenly. Always before retiring at night, give your skin a deep cleansing with *Pond's Cold Cream*. If your skin is dry leave a little of the Cream on all night.

If We Lived in Plays—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February 7.*

DEAR COUSIN—,

HAST ever perchance been worried, troubled, or obsessed by that frightfully overworked word which positively makes you yawn by the very length thereof . . .? And that M.P.s and politicians and people are so terribly fond of using, likewise pompous professors and mildewed mathematicians and suchlike—the sort that cheer themselves down (as someone puts it in that amusing Everyman play, *The Square Peg*) and us too, with their bright and bracing prophecies about falling birth-rates and rising income-taxes, and how we're all changed for the worse, etcet.?

CELEBRATED and solemn word Continuity I mean, to wit and that is to say, whatever it may signify. Which

"Ancient Order of Froth Blowers"

really quite repellulates me, it does—to quote that early-Gilbertian late-Oscar-Wildean, new Sutro comedy or farce at the Comedy, *The Desperate Lovers*. And this being one of my idea-ful days, as Irene Vanbrugh remarks in said ingenious affair, it hath struck me hard where Cissie wore the *cloche* how truly thankful we ought to be that all the best people and things, like poets, painters, and puddings—not to mention the sun, seasons, and spaniels—continually and frequently do such delightfully unexpected things. And change their moods (likewise tenses) easily and often, thus utterly and perversely putting it right across the continuity touch, and causing aforesaid profs. and others to do a bit of bitter moaning at the bar, and ruefully wring their crape-hanging hands, as they say in the States.

AND why in sooth and truth *should* we, I ask you, plod manfully (or womanfully) adown that distinctly drearyish road of con—oh! well, you know the tiresome word I mean. . . . Doing and saying all the ordinary things people expect of you, just because you've done them before or ought to, whereas

> Poets make faces
> And sudden grimaces:
> Painters are gay
> As young rabbits in May.

As one of the poets themselves has said in possibly one of his rather lighter moods—p'raps after visiting that celebrated Poets' Club or Corner they talk of round Fleet Street way, where the entrance fee's said to be either a double or a triolet, and whereof Mr. Squire and Mr. Shanks and Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc are reported to be among the leading members (but not, oh! not Mr. Drinkwater, I am told).

卐

LIFE would be so much more fun, meseems, some ways, if we could only live it as they do in plays. Such thrilling happenings there'd be, wouldn't there?—at least one murder or wedding every three hours or so. Just a little bit *too* exciting, perhaps, sometimes. I mean, no one ever seems to sleep much in plays, unless it's the heroine, with a rug round her evening

"Painters are gay as young rabbits in May."

"The Piccadilly"

frock, curled fascinatingly up on a settee in the hero or villain's flat, or, anyway, somewhere she oughtn't to be, and *then* she never seems to get more than about a minute or two before something or somebody comes along. And nobody ever sits down in an armchair and reads the paper idly and comfortably—at least, if they start having a try at it someone promptly fires a revolver somewhere, or tells them their wife's run away or something. And the most smartly-frocked women take a couple of minutes at the most to dress, and *oh!* what skimpy meals you do have to have!

卐

HALF a sandwich for tea and one mouthful of fish for breakfast, and at dinner you're really fearfully lucky if you get going on the second course before your husband comes unexpectedly home and a bootlegger shoots you in the back—according as it happens to be English drama you're living in or the modern American variety. Like, for instance, that real marvel of slickness and rush, *Broadway*, at the Adelphi. Which is really most fearfully exciting, you know, and hits the high spots all right, as they put it in the play, 'spite of being all about the kind of people that've never been invented over here yet, and let's hope never will. But such a lovely bootleg villain, all sleek and calm and debonair in a Dago sort of way. And a troupe of rather sweet dancing girls, mit very nearly nodings on, who quarrel furiously whenever there isn't a murder or something on to keep things lively—and then, as the music strikes up, all pull themselves together all of a sudden, and dance sweetly and smilingly off to do their turn. Though

no, not sure I'd care to live in *that* play, anyway—life really is almost *too* busy and "guns," as they call 'em, a shade too handy for *my* taste, anyway.

LIKEWISE some quite entertaining if startling times to be had in *Twelve Miles Out* at the Strand—where there's bootlegging, too, not to mention hi-jacking, which apparently means doing the bootleggers down by pinching their ill-gotten goods and gains. All of which sounds, p'raps, a bit dull and technical, but I assure you isn't, especially if you happen to be the only woman around, and get made the fiercest love to by the Chief Bootjacker and the Head Hilegger—tush, tush! I mean the other way round, of course. Not to mention a husband who doesn't matter a bit because he has nasty habits, like telling his wife off and being fussy about his food, but quite useful as a background, like so many husbands we hear about, what?

AND seeing that sweet Mr. Ion Swinley's the chief thingummy and dear Mr. Lyn Harding the head what'shisname—well, quite nice as well as hectic times for the blonde both gentlemen prefer. And have a real honest-to-goodness fight about too, only not with guns, thank heaven, which are always *so* disturbing. Though not sure that ship scene in the last act isn't even worse—the simply terribly realistic way the deck goes swaying up and down and down and up till I felt it was *quite* time we wandered off to the Princes or Piccadilly or Café de Paris or somewhere for a cocktail or two, just to stabilise things, as the financial people say, and save the situation (if not already too late).

"Curled up on a divan"

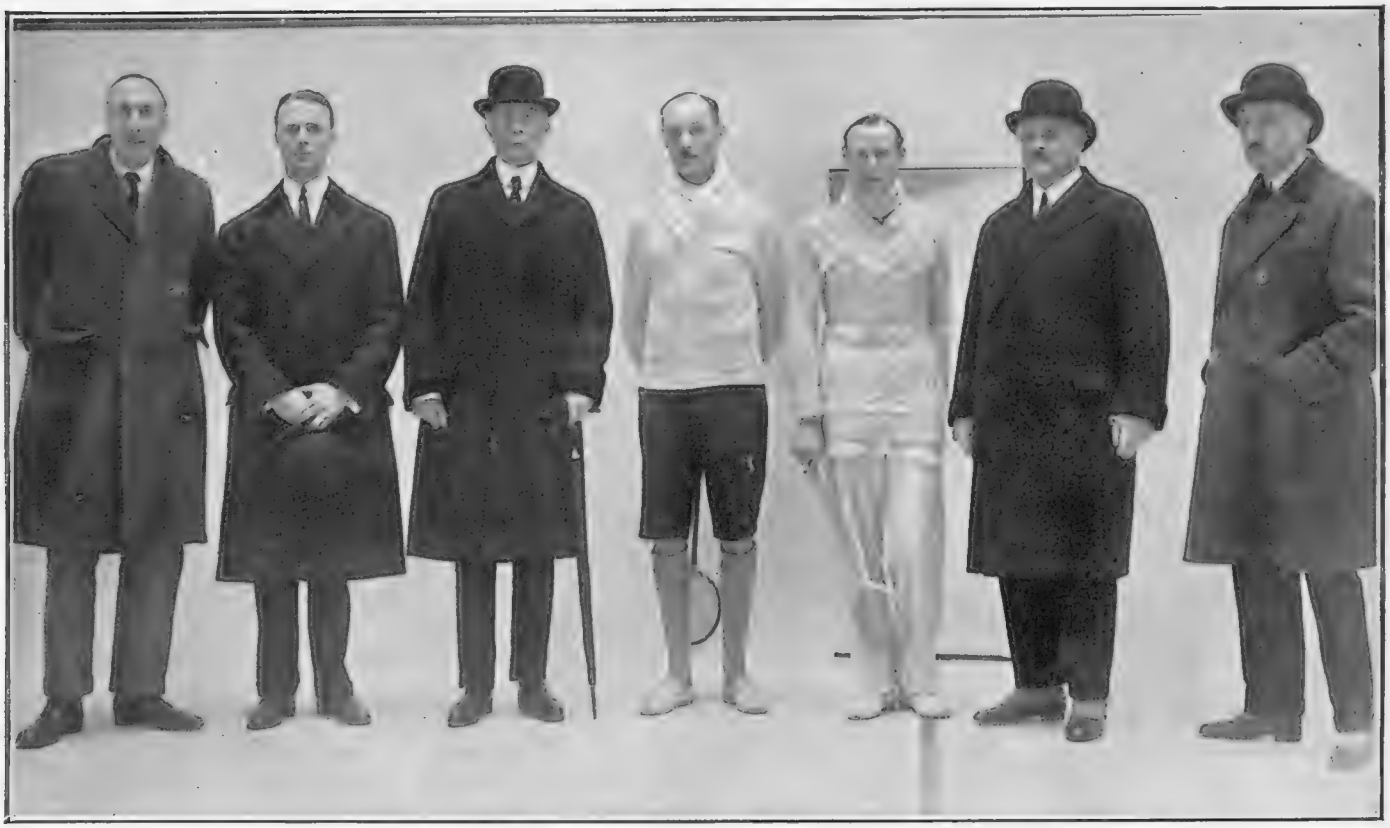
LET'S dig, Sisters, while the digging's good (as they say in that other U.S. effort, *The Gold Diggers*) into the new surprise packet of the spring season. Which already's brought the Court back to town, and M.P.s are due back to-morrow as ever is, an' things in the cabaret line looking up, also with new shows coming on, including "The Follies" at the Lido Club, where the efficient and amiable Cavagna looks after the inner needs of the guests, what time twenty-one-year-old Danny Dare puts across some of the snappiest dancing ever. So things should soon, methinks, begin to hum again, though they haven't been buzzing so badly even up to now, thank you very much. And hostesses are beginning to pore over their calendars, and choosing the best dates for parties, and people are flocking back and beginning once more to gather round. And as they say or sing in the great and glorious anthem of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers, now firmly established as one of our own special British institutions of this year of grace, 1927—

The more we are together,
Together, together,
The more we are together
The merrier we shall be.

Which is my sentiments and your sentiments, I take it, and my friends are your friends, and your friends are my friends, and—yes, I think on the whole this isn't such a bad lil' old life, and we won't absolutely *insist* on leading the stage one instead, not until next week, anyway.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.



AN INAUGURAL MEETING IN PARIS *Topical*

A photograph taken at the inauguration of the Paris Squash Racquets Association. The group includes Mr. E. B. Noel (Secretary of Queen's Club), Mr. Watson Eldridge, Lord Crewe, the British Ambassador, Mr. J. E. Tompkinson, squash racquets champion of the British Isles, Mr. W. D. McPherson, former champion, M. Henri Paté, a Deputy and former Secretary of State for Technical Instruction in Sports, and M. Harnegaray, a Deputy and well-known sportsman

Exhausting Work *and* Virol-and-Milk

LYDIA SOKOLOVA—"QUEEN OF ENGLISH DANCERS." [*Photo by Lenare*

BEHIND THE SCENES *at the* RUSSIAN BALLET

Lydia Sokolova, "Queen of English Dancers," in a conversation in her dressing room, described the Russian Ballet as "a little self-contained village moving about Europe. We do not go much into society," she added, "we have to save ourselves for our Art."

One understands better the nervous and physical strain involved when one considers that the Russian dancers are both supreme actors and perfect acrobats. To meet this double strain the most nourishing food is essential, and Lydia Sokolova finds that Virol-and-Milk is "excellent for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion." She takes it between the performances as a food which is not only very sustaining but also perfectly digestible.

All those whose work or play involves physical or nervous strain, or who suffer from nervous exhaustion, cannot do better than "hitch their waggon to the Stars" of the Russian Ballet.

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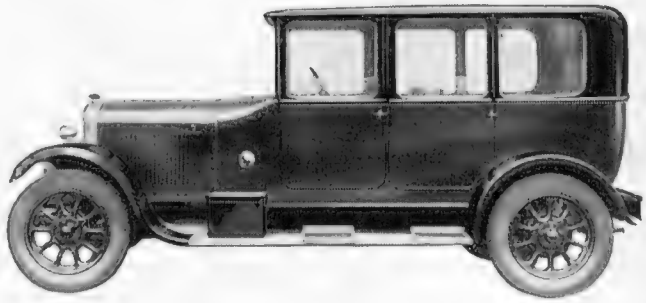


H.P.

Oxford Athletes in Action

Central Press

ON THE TAPE

C. F. Gates (Balliol) beating C. C. Vargas in the 100 Yards event of the Oxford Inter-Collegiate Athletic Cup. He won by half a yard in $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds

Central News

A WEIGHTING GAME

R. L. Hyatt (Balliol) putting the weight. He won the event with a put of 39ft. 1in.

Central Press

OVER THE "STICKS"

The 220 Yards Low Hurdles in progress during the Oxford Inter-Collegiate sports. The race resulted in a dead-heat between J. T. Low (Oriel) and L. G. Haywood (St. Edmund Hall). Balliol won the first round, Oriel being second, and Jesus third

HUNTING NOTES By A. W. Coaten

The Pytchley Mastership

As a sequel to the dissolution of Mastership between the brother Colonels, Sir Charles and J. G. Lowther, the Pytchley Hunt Committee, of which Earl Spencer is chairman, has accepted the offer of Lieut.-Col. I. G. Lowther to hunt the country next season in conjunction with Mr. Ronald Tree, of Ashorn Hill, Leamington, subject to the approval of the landowners and subscribers. Col. Seymour Gosling, D.S.O., has intimated his intention of giving up the Essex country, which he has hunted from Harlow with his own pack since 1910; but it is hoped that he may be induced to reconsider his decision and continue next season. I hear that the Hon. Edward Portman, whose Joint-Mastership of the Warwickshire was brought to a close because he wished to hunt hounds himself while Mr. Walter Buckmaster desired to retain the services of the professional huntsman, has realised his ambition and is showing good sport in a part of the Taunton Vale country with a useful pack that he has been able to get together.

Other Hunts

Though the Mastership of the Ledbury, rendered vacant by the retirement of Major Ian Bullough, has not yet been filled, I understand that Col. Cecil Spence-Colby, who hunts what is known as the Tivyside country in Pembrokeshire, Carmarthenshire, and Cardiganshire, with a private pack, has been granted the privilege of hunting a portion of the Ledbury woodland country next season. Mr. C. N. de Courcy-Parry, after holding the Mastership of the North Herefordshire for one season only, and hunting hounds himself, will not continue, while Col. Dobson and Mr. Gerald Wilson, Joint-Masters of the North Staffordshire, are both retiring. As an inducement to Major W. W. Burdon to remain in command of the Bedale Hunt, whose territory originally formed part of the huge Raby country in North Yorkshire, and was hunted by the first Duke of Cleveland, the Hunt Committee has agreed to increase the guarantee from £1500 to £2400, and to raise the subscriptions from £15 to £20 and from £50 to £65, according to the number of days hunted.

Alfieri

A HUNTING MORNING

The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Douglas-Pennant out at a recent meet of the Bicester. They are both keen followers of this pack

White Welsh Hounds

It is obvious that unless there is snow on the ground light-coloured hounds can be more easily distinguished on the mountains and moorlands hunted by hill packs than those with the darker and more familiar Belvoir markings. Mr. David Davies, M.P., has both the old White Welsh hounds and English hounds in the pack with which, entirely at his own expense, he hunts a considerable part of Montgomeryshire. Mr. Davies is an M.A. of Cambridge, and F.R.G.S., and has travelled extensively in Canada, Alaska, the Rockies, Korea, Japan, China, and East Africa, big game hunting; he commanded the 14th Royal Welsh Fusiliers at home and in France during the War; he is a member of all the principal Welsh Educational Councils; farms a big estate on which he breeds Shires and hunters; he was at one time Master of two packs of foxhounds, as well as packs of harriers, beagles, and otter hounds, and he frequently preached on Sundays from Nonconformist pulpits—a versatility which it would be hard to beat. His White Welsh hounds have fine endurance.

RACING NOTIONS By "Carbine"

The Weights

I must admit that I find less to interest me in the published weights for the Lincoln Handicap than others profess at this stage. They appear eight weeks before the race is run, and at a time when most of the horses engaged have only just resumed strong work. It seems to me so much waste of time to search the handicapper's work immediately in the hope of finding some estimate of his which does not agree with one's own. In the first place the chances are that the handicapper is right and the ordinary critic wrong, and secondly, of what use is it to discover that one horse is better in with another, judged upon the balance of last season's form, if, as is quite likely, the latter is a fit horse on the day and the other is not? I would far rather back a Lincoln candidate that I knew to be fit than speculate upon one who appeared to have some advantage at the weights but of whose condition and well-being I was doubtful.

Aintree Horses

One regards the Grand National weights rather differently, and, in my own case at least, with more enthusiasm. We know that the large majority of the popular candidates will be prepared for the race, and we can judge their progress and possibilities by their performances in public during the weeks immediately preceding the race. Thus, from what we have seen already this season, we are disposed to respect the chances of such as Master Billie, Jack Horner, and Great Span. Grakle showed at Newbury that in some respects he is a particularly smart five-year-old, and as such dangerous in the National with 10 st. 4 lb. Coulthwaite says that it would be practically impossible to bring this horse down in a steeplechase, but in nearly every race in which Grakle has run this winter he has either swerved or stopped in the closing stages. He stopped at Newbury and just pulled out sufficient in the last fifty yards to hold off Master Billie. A horse with such erratic habits does not inspire much confidence at Liverpool.

Mount Etna

Mr. Sanford's Mount Etna has been used by Blackwell as a hack for some time past, just as Sergeant Murphy was before he went into strong work before his National triumph two years ago. This treatment has a striking and very beneficial effect upon old horses if they are ridden by a good horseman. Anyone who has ridden a thoroughbred in a string or one just out of training knows how slovenly they walk and trot. I saw Mount Etna at Newmarket the other day. Blackwell was wearing a pair of long-necked spurs, but without any inducement from these "aids" the old horse was trotting out, and dashing from one part of the heath to another with a joy of life which was good to see. He sustained a leg injury a short time ago and that apparently has healed and left no ill effects. It is expected that Mr. Sanford will have more than one runner in the National, but I should not be surprised if Mount Etna proves his most hopeful candidate. There is, I believe, some understanding between Blackwell and Jack Anthony which may mean that the latter will ride for the stable at Liverpool, all going well.

Jack Horner

Jack Horner's weight is 17 lb. more this year than it was last, but that does not appear to be an unreasonable increase. He won in a style which suggested that another ten pounds on his back might not have altered the result, and there is good reason to think that he is a much better horse now than he was twelve months ago. Certainly one gained that impression from the manner in which he ran in a two and a half mile 'chase recently at Lingfield.

[Drawn at the Café Royal by Special Permission of the Management.

DEVILS *at the* CAFÉ ROYAL

"Every sort of Devil," said the Chef, Monsieur Pierre, smiling, "except Blue Devils—Mustard always drives *them* away! And here is the very King of Devils—you can almost hear him squeal. You take a rib of Beef *which has been cooked the day before*, and grill it. Then cover it well with Mustard and grill it again for a few moments.

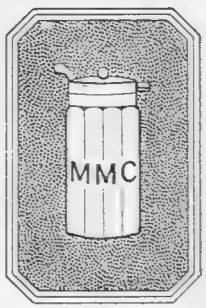
Just in the same way you make a 'Cuisse de Poulet Michel Ange,' but whether Michael Angelo ate it before he painted the devils in the Sistine Chapel I don't know. Then there is Marrow bone, another sort of devilled bone. This is delicious, but it is so rich, and we chefs know that *with every kind of rich meat you must eat Mustard or you risk the devils of indigestion.*"

"But haven't you any angels at the Café Royal?" asked Signor Spaghetti.

"Ce n'est pas ça qui manque," replied the Chef, bowing to Miss Di Gester.

"Condiments before compliments," said Signor Spaghetti, who was getting terribly impatient to enjoy the Os Diablé.

You will find a lot more delicious devils—to say nothing of Ham in Hades—in the Mustard Club Recipe Booklet, which Miss Di Gester will send in exchange for twopence in stamps to any member of the Mustard Club who writes to her c/o Colman's, Norwich.



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Members of the Mustard Club can obtain an enamel badge of membership by writing to Miss Di Gester, c/o Colman's, Norwich, enclosing 3d. in stamps. Made as a brooch or with stud for lapel.

JOIN THE MUSTARD CLUB!

S.H.B.

TELL-TALE FIGURES.

NOTES AND QUERIES

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-DAY (Wednesday) brings the opening of Cruft's huge Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall, the biggest *tamasha* of the kind ever staged; and it will bring the biggest forgathering of doggy men and women from every part of this country, and from many lands oversea, too, that London's ever known. What a mort o' kennel yarns, notes, reminiscences, comparisons and tips will be swapped over straw-lined benches and luncheon and dinner tables this week! And how good, how very good it would be if one could but follow and interpret all that the Dogs themselves will have to say to each other! Many of these canine aristocrats, whose homes are as far apart as the Highlands and the Duchy, get to know one another quite well in the rings and on the benches of the big Shows. And, make no mistake about it, many of them understand a great deal more than you might suppose about the upshot of the judging. Some of the haughtiest champions of one year are overridden and must give ground in the next year to rising stars they barely condescended to notice twelve months before; and it's easy enough to see that, in some cases, they know almost as much about it as their exhibitors.

In the week's doggy gossip I daresay first place will be given to the doggy statistics of the past year, for these are peculiarly full of interest for fanciers. Tastes and opinions may vary with every breeze that blows, but figures are stubborn things, not to be set aside by argument. The most vital of them clearly set forth will be found in the January issue of that admirable organ of dogdom, *The Kennel Gazette*; and they are worth study. They don't, as some commentators seem to suppose, indicate a startling boom. (Booms are given to petering out as suddenly as they begin.) But they do prove remarkable progress in the breeding of pedigree Dogs since pre-War days and a remarkable growth of public interest in Dog-keeping. The figures for 1926 were more than three times greater than those of immediately pre-War years, and showed more than a twenty per cent. increase over those of even two years before, which in their time were reckoned surprising. Hounds and Gun-Dogs did well; Terriers held their own, and a bit over; Toys advanced not at all; and the biggest advance of all was among the larger breeds of Non-Sporting Varieties, which section, of course, includes the much-discussed and still progressing Alsatian.

Apropos the coming into official and popular recognition of the Welsh Corgi, one correspondent writes that "Corgi" means simply "mongrel," and is applied in Wales to almost any working Dog; and another (who, as breeder and owner, may know more) writes that it means "yard," and indicates that these sturdy little cattle-Dogs measure 36 inches stem to stern, nose to tail-tip.

"The Kennelman" is unable to oblige the correspondent who asks him to "sit down hard on the booming of the all-white Peke, because freaks are not wanted." Though comparatively rare—unrelated stud-Dogs who beget all-whites are still to seek—there's nothing undesirably freakish about the whites, and, in point of comeliness, so long as they're endowed with jet-black noses and dark eyes, they can't be said to offend, even though admittedly less the "Lion Dog of China" than a true red or brindled fawn. Mrs. Goad, of Sydenham Hill, is the authority on this variety.

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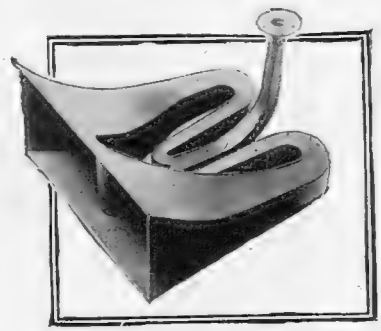

The Stereoscopic Amplifying Chamber that eliminates any possibility of exaggerated bass or treble and actually yields a bigger volume than any other gramophone.

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1. **—RANGE. Raising the musical range by fully 50 per cent.**
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The Premier Sporting Resort on the Riviera. Own Golf Links (18 holes)—5 Tennis Courts—8 Croquet Lawns—all adjacent to and in Hotel grounds. Ballroom—Bar—Orchestra.

Modes on the Mediterranean

From our Special Fashion Correspondent

Illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER

"*PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose*" exactly describes the state of things as decreed by Dame Fashion on the shores of the Mediterranean. Our skirts could not well get any shorter—and so they haven't! Everyone wears knee-length, except, of course, the few old "frumpies," and I have only seen one or two *demi-mondaines* whose skirts were above the knee. Knee-caps, whether feminine or masculine, are not things of beauty, and so even the *cocottes* have not ventured to expose them generally.

IN small things there are a few new ideas—though even they are, strictly speaking, only revivals. After a period of no belts there is a distinct tendency to sashes and belts of many kinds. They may be narrow ones of leather, or they may be made of the same material as the dress itself, and then generally one sees them rucked or folded. But, remember, it must on no account be wide; three or four inches in depth at the most, and you may tie it at the sides or in front, but *not* at the back. With jumpers some have a chain round the hips, but that is the least successful style.

"Our skirts could not get any shorter"

I AM bound to say that none of the Englishwomen in Cannes shows much preference for outlining the waist by any trimming or belt. The only one who has successfully worn a frock so adorned is the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton. The other night in the baccarat rooms she looked very smart in white charmeuse, very short and skimpy as to the skirt, which had a couple of rows of *diamanté* and silver trimming just above the hips. This trimming appeared again in two or three rows above the waist, and had almost the effect of a bolero. Madame de Landa (once the Countess of Drogheda) is a very good dresser, and wore a rose-shaded fringe frock the night she dined at the Casino with Mme. de Peña's party for the ex-Shah of Persia. The fringes were long and "ropy," and appeared on the lower half of the skirt, and again at the shoulders, the rest of the dress being of flesh-pink georgette. Mme. de Peña's dress that night was one of those highly popular embroidered and beaded georgette affairs, of which one cannot possess too many. Hers on this occasion was in flesh-pink, with a design in dull blues and pinks. Velvet is worn, but not to any extent. Mme. de Landa looked nice in a black velvet, very closely wrapped around her, and with a deep V-back; and Mme. de Peña has appeared in one of turquoise-blue, with many floating panels to it.

CORNFLOWER-BLUE seems to be coming to the fore, and the Countess of Dudley had on a striking frock in different shadings of it when she was dining at one of the big galas at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs with Lady Mullens, who wore her favourite shade of pale jade with gold lace. Lady Dudley's dress was carried out in paillettes, tier upon tier from the waist downwards, which were in rather small scallops and came higher in front than at the back. Lady Dudley's emeralds and diamonds are quite famous, and she wore them in conjunction with this dress, in addition to many of those massive Cartier bracelets of closely set diamonds which are so much the fashion. I was interested to see that on her other arm Lady Dudley had some twenty or more narrow gold bangles that appeared almost Eastern with the finely engraved patterns on them.

"The vagabond hat reigns supreme"

FOR day wear the big dressmakers are making a display of pale rose-pink jumper suits and two-piece *ensembles*, that delicate tone which the French use for the sugar coating on their *dragées*. But so far the only woman I have seen wear this colour has been Viscountess Dunedin. One day at the popular tea-

dancing at the Carlton she had a kilted *crêpe de Chine* skirt in this pink allied to a jumper to match the silk and wool of which it was knitted, giving a slightly varying colour. Grace Lady Newborough's grey get-up of that same afternoon is worth mentioning, as it had an elaborate skirt made entirely of deep *vertical* tucks, mark you! The bodice part had scallops done in pin-tucks, a form of trimming which is not always successful. Nothing looks better for dancing than a one-colour scheme, and Lady Newborough's pale grey frock, with pale grey shoes and stockings, and a draped toque of grey corded silk to match, had nothing to break the picture but her ropes of creamy pearls and the elbow length rumpled white gloves.

Gold and silver dresses are still much worn, one favourite model having a closely kilted skirt with a bodice heavily encrusted with paillettes or embroideries, giving the effect of a jumper suit. In fact, the jumper idea prevails on all the newest frocks. I saw one which had a jumper coat of raspberry red velvet with a row of buttons down the front, the inevitable kilted skirt, and a very smart touch in shoes of satin to match, which were laced up with red ribbon. Mrs. C. H. Cazalet appeared at the Metropole tennis in a jumper suit of amber velvet, the skirt plain, but the jumper adorned with horizontal stripes in gold tinsel—an unusual but quite effective suit.

There are no plain shoes in Cannes. All are strapped or trimmed in some way, and jewelled heels abound. Jewellery, in fact, is prominent from head to heel. Endless bracelets you must have, of diamonds if you can, of pearls if you like, or of any fancy stone which appeals to you. I have said nothing about hats because there is nothing to say. The vagabond hat reigns supreme and felt is the only wear.

Lassalle

MISS DOROTHY BENNETT

The brilliant young coloratura soprano. She is to sing from 2 LO on February 14

Femina

COMFORTS—REAL AND UNREAL

By MRS. M. VINCE

There is a New York hotel which advertises rather widely in the English Press. Were I to go to New York I really think that I should stay in that hotel—simply because of the gay inconsequence of its advertisements with the odd mixture of real and quite unreal comforts which it offers as its special attractions.

I am quite unmoved by the fact that, like other New York buildings, this hotel goes "dizzying up unbelievably into the blue." I do not like to be made dizzy. It has 2200 bedrooms. It is the largest hotel in the world. That again leaves me cold. If the bedroom given me were comfortable I should not find it any more so by reflecting that there were 2199 other bedrooms like it in the hotel. If it were not comfortable I should find no consolation in the fact that in 2199 other bedrooms other guests were suffering the same discomfort.

It is only fair to say, however, that the advertisement itself admits that "mere size" is not everything. In fact, it "pales into insignificance against the marvellous service" of the hotel. Every one of the 2200 bedrooms has a bathroom attached. That is a piece of solid comfort not now confined to American hotels. Then the rooms "are calm and restful in their decoration, sumptuously comfortable." We must take that for granted, but one definite piece of comfort is certainly promised — "electric lights just where they are needed—by your bed, over the dressing-table, even in the wardrobe." That is a very simple form of comfort, and yet one which you do not often get either in hotels or elsewhere. A bedroom does not need much light, but it needs a number of lights—each in the right place; and what is often forgotten is that a small bedroom needs them just as much as a large one. No bedroom is so small that you can light it properly with a single light; and no amount of brilliance in the lights will compensate for not having them in the right place.

Then in this hotel you are promised a full-length mirror—again a piece of real comfort. Every bedroom should have a full-length mirror, preferably on the inside of the wardrobe door. It should also be placed so that it has a good light on it. It is clever to mention that mirror. It would have been cleverer still to promise a good light with it.

The next item in this catalogue of "sumptuous comfort" puzzles me. I think it must be meant to puzzle, to make one feel that it would be almost worth while to go to the hotel to find out exactly what it means. "A most ingenious service door through which the servants can collect your clothes, your laundry, your shoes, without disturbing you." But how? If you are not in the room it does not matter whether the servant comes in through the door or the window; she will not disturb you. And if you are in the room, whether or not you are disturbed by the servant collecting your things depends not on the door, but on where you have put them. If you put your clothes on the bed and your shoes underneath it, the servant would disturb you getting them even if she could come in at both doors at once. Or can it be that this hotel believes that it can make all its English visitors put their things in exactly the right place?

I feel that there is something unreal about that service door as a contribution to "sumptuous comfort." Certainly there is no doubt about the unreality of the next item, and yet it is offered as an example of "sheer genius in caring for comfort." It is "a pincushion with needles ready threaded"! But what are the colours of the threads provided? We do not all dress in black and white. And how many of us would go across the Atlantic without needles and threads of the colours we need? If these threaded needles show genius, it is genius in advertising rather than in "caring for comfort."

After that the advertisement touches on the enchantment of New York, in a passage written evidently by a 100 per cent. American, and concludes with the final piece of "sumptuousness," the promise, when you return to "the haven of that perfect room," of sheets on the bed "changed every day."

There is real comfort in the clean towels every day which some hotels give, but those sheets changed every day are as unreal a piece of comfort as the threaded needles. What much more important things there are for comfort in sleeping—the mattress, for example. How much more important is the quality of the sheets than the fact that they are changed every day. If we may be sure that the sheets are clean when we arrive, what more do we want for our stay of a few days? Yet many people do mistake mere extravagance for luxury. They, perhaps, might fall happily asleep on an uncomfortable mattress, lulled by the thought that they were sleeping in sheets which had been changed yesterday and would be changed again to-morrow.

The promise of "a home from home" was at one time the phrase used to entice us to a strange place. But whoever wrote that advertisement understood much better what attracts most of us when we go away. It is to do and have what we could never do and have at home.

Tercentenary

1627

1927

How they played football in 1627

February 17, 1627.

" (Shrove Tuesday). In the morning to the Strand with Captain Clerke of the Fleet, where much unseemly shouting, which was for a great bout of football play; the greatest that, to my remembrance, I did ever see But why so many men—and women too—should behave so wild and boyish, risking life and limb to so little purpose, seems mighty strange to me, and argues more courage, methinks, than reason. Especially in such irregular and narrow streets as Crooked Lane, where one was killed and many maimed to-day." *From the unwritten Journal of Christopher Mountjoy, Knight, sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.*

HOW strangely our customs and tastes have changed since those hearty cavalier days, when football had scarcely emerged from being an offence punishable by law. All credit then to John Haig, that for three centuries since it was first distilled it should have been first favourite wherever men drink Whisky.

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies celebrates his 300th birthday this year

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD. (*owning Haig & Haig Ltd.*), DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE *and* KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

NICE

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Southampton, Cherbourg and Havre to United States and Canada. Liverpool to Halifax, New York and Boston. Mediterranean Cruises.

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Tel.: 30.12. *Tel. Add.: Cunard.*

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Robes.
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Splendid Artistic Programme.

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Latest Fashions in Handbags.

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Manufacturing Goldsmiths and Silversmiths,

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NICE LAWN TENNIS CLUB

Twenty-one Courts in full sun at the Parc Imperial

Three Professionals attached to the Club.

Season Subscription with service of ball-boys,
Frs. 600 (about £4 - 0 - 0)
Steam-heated Dressing Rooms.

For conditions of election and Tournament dates apply to the Hon. Secretary:

MONSIEUR CH. LENGLEN, Parc Imperial, Nice, France.

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FINEST POSITION ON CASINO GARDENS.
Every Comfort — Moderate Terms.

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UNDER BRITISH MANAGEMENT.

INTERESTING RIVIERA NEWS.

Mr John Agid, of the QUEEN'S HOTEL, NICE, is glad to announce the opening this winter of his new SILVER GRILL and TEA ROOM adjoining the Hotel on the Boulevard Victor Hugo.

His aim has been to fill a need and provide something different in the way of a high-class French and English restaurant, where one can drop in and get a cut from the joint, grill, or à la carte of the highest order. There will be a first-class American Bar and afternoon tea and pâtisserie will be a speciality.

BRITISH MOTOR HIRE Co., Ltd.

Our Travel Dept. supplies Cars for Tours all along the Riviera.

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HOTEL WESTMINSTER

THE VERY BEST SITUATION ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS

NICE

JUAN-LES-PINS

JUAN-LES-PINS

The most elegant Casino on the Riviera.

RESTAURANT DE LA FRÉGATE. **Overlooking Sea.**

CREDIT FRANCO-ITALIEN

Capital Fs. 10,000,000

All Banking Business, Exchange, Letters of Credit, Travellers' Cheques.

Exchange Office inside the Casino.

Where to go? Why, to Frederic's Grill.

Oysters—Tea Rooms—Best of the best.

Tel. 4-39

Same management as Mirabeau & Monte Carlo.

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

Your one dear hope in Paris when a bit of administrative activity threatens a lot of inconvenience is that some other body, or bodies, possessed of influence will find greater insult or injury therein. This opens up the prospect, the only prospect really, of escape. And thus is borne out the local tradition that if you want a thing done, don't try to do it yourself but find the fellow who can do it for you—get it done at second-hand. Direct action is a sheer waste of time.

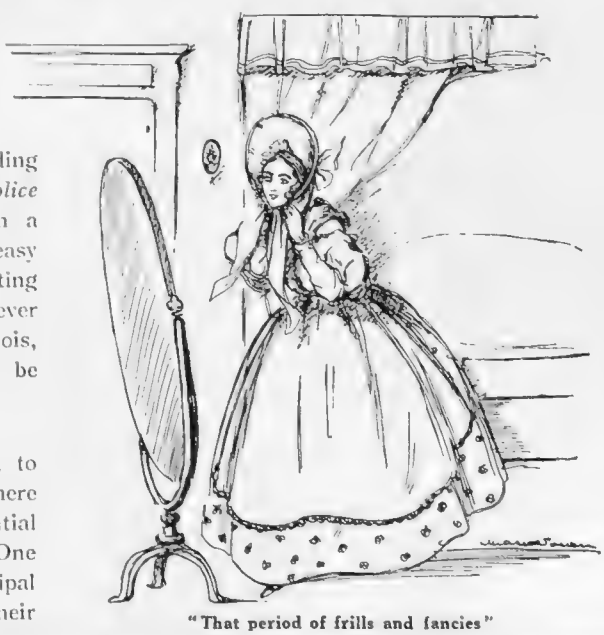
"A torture to dance with a *demoiselle* whose bells constantly came in a beat too soon"

It is under such circumstances that the future looks a little less cloudy for those of us who amble through the capital in our *dix* or *onze chevaux*. We were under the menace of fines "on the spot" for infringement of the traffic regulations, which have now become so numerous that nobody but a Datas could keep them in mind, and motorists generally saw visions of the monthly total of fines exceeding running costs, as *agents de police* could never be expected to stretch a point when furnished with an easy road to promotion as a fine-collecting "ace." Taxi-drivers would never have anything to take home to Levallois, where they all live, as they would be incurring fines *du matin au soir*.

But though little heed was paid to the howl set up by motorists, there is hope of salvation in the influential quarter of the municipal council. One had often wondered how the municipal councillors retained the goodwill of their electors for, according to the Paris newspapers, they spend most of their time going on prolonged missions of inquiry abroad, which produce nothing except heavy expenses accounts. But it appears that they have the prerogative of obtaining the withdrawal of summonses issued against electors, which is, *bien entendu*, a substantial plank in an electioneering platform. Fines "on the spot" would nullify this prerogative, and what would the councillors have to do for votes then? Motorists are now feeling more comfortable, as the municipal councillors are powerful people when it comes to blocking the application of an ordinance or turning it into a dead letter.

Frocks with bells on are the latest innovation of an enterprising *couturier*. Maybe he has been reading "Peter Pan" and imagines that it would be altogether charming to turn all his clients into Tinker Bells. But one feels very, very doubtful about the success of this departure. They are to be nice little silvery, tenderly tinkling bells, of course—*grelots*, to be precise—not boisterous or clanking things, but still. . . . Suppose one has an accentuated sense of rhythm, it would be torture to dance with a *demoiselle* whose bells constantly came in a beat too soon. As the *Cygne d'Avon* emphasised, there is nothing more distressing than sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune.

And there is even a greater disadvantage from the point of view of those romantically old-fashioned young men who still think that "sitting-out" is an essential, and even important, part of dances. Fancy sitting-out with a partner "with bells on." One little movement of approach, or even of coquettish retreat, on the part of the partner and the whole belfry would be pealing; *et quand on sonne, on attire le monde*, as my candid friend the Comtesse Riguidi says, with her usual pointedness. No, my dears, although these weeny bells are only to be attached to sashes and flounces they are *de trop*. *A bas les grelots.*



"That period of frills and fancies"

"The fellow who can do it for you"

It seems that we were very late in our discovery of a form of *revanche* on pushful and ill-mannered golfers, the said *revanche* being the popping of the ball into the tin at a "blind" short-hole, thus causing the curmudgeon to have to stand champagne for all the members present. I have heard this was done quite some time ago at Le Touquet, and done even better. My correspondent, tired of being peppered from the rear while playing his shots, bore with it till he and his partner reached the "blind" eighth when, both pursuing balls arriving on the green, they were both dropped into the hole.

Eh, bien, ça va; we were not staking out claims to patent rights, and we are always glad to hear of golf-course bounders being rapped on the knuckles; but it does seem to me that they have kept extraordinarily quiet about this at Le Touquet, where they are not usually backward in signalling exceptional performances,

and for two players to join the "hole in one" club at the same green would be an event that was certainly worth a paragraph in the papers. Someone must have been suspicious.

A story with a moral has just made its way up here from Monte Carlo by the Blue Train. So rarely is it that stories with a moral come from the Riviera that it seems to me that this one's travels ought not to terminate at the Gare de Lyon. So, *voici l'histoire.* A bridal couple were spending their honeymoon at Monte Carlo—her first visit. As they wandered into the roulette rooms at the Casino they were recognised by an acquaintance, who came across to felicitate them. Compliments exchanged, he remarked, "You will be 'having a flutter,' of course. If you wish to be sure to win the first time, place your stake on the number corresponding to your age." As he desired to check the surety of his tip he strolled after them.

"Their honeymoon at Monte Carlo"

At the table the bride had a moment of hesitation. The two men felt a little strained. Then she braced herself up and threw her stake on Number 22, her husband's face showing astonishment. But before he had time to speak his mind the croupier was calling, "Twenty-eight." Then the bridegroom let loose his protest. "*Voilà.* If you had only been sincere you would have won." As for the friend, he retreated from the gathering storm, satisfied with the knowledge that the "first-time system" was sound in principle, even if not always popular!

As Sacha Guitry won success with "Mozart," so has M. Charles Méré with "Berlioz," just produced at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin. In fact, many folk are inclined to think that "Berlioz" will be more deservedly popular. In the perpetual tempest which the life of Hector Berlioz became, listless in the struggle fought for him by Harriet Smithson—with whom he had become enamoured when she came to play at the Odéon along with Kemble—and the singer Marie Reccio, infatuated with the composer after his success with "Romeo and Juliette," Charles Méré has found excellent dramatic material, several of the *tableaux* being of masterly craftsmanship.

That period of frills and fancies, 1830, is very effectively re-created, and with its English interest, "Berlioz" ought to be worth producing in London. There is an important musical *partie,* executed at the Porte St. Martin by the famous orchestra of the Concerts Pasdeloup, while the acting, particularly that of Jean Perier and that of Mme. Germaine Dermoz as Harriet Smithson, is really triumphant. René.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BRILLIANT DEFENSIVE PLAY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Broadcasting of Radio Bridge hands is all the rage in America just now, where Bridge is booming enormously as the results of the tireless efforts of Mr. Milton Work and Mr. Wilbur Whitehead.

An interesting hand which was broadcast a short time ago has given rise to a great deal of controversy. The players were Mr. Wynne Ferguson, of New York, Dealer (Z), Mr. W. E. Byrnes, of Cleveland (Y), Mr. Milton Work, of New York (A), and Mr. Whitehead, of New York (B).

Here are the hands:—

	S.—J, 9, 7, 6, 2. H.—J, 6.	D.—8, 6, 4. C.—K, 10, 5.
S.—10, 8, 3. H.—7, 4, 3, 2. D.—K. Q, J, 5. C.—8, 6.	Y A B Z	S.—A, 5, 4. H.—A, 5. D.—A, 7, 2. C.—A, Q, 7, 4, 3.
	S.—K, Q. H.—K, Q, 10, 9, 8.	D.—10, 9, 3. C.—J, 9, 2.

Z deals and bids "One Heart"; A and Y "No bid"; B "One No-Trump." All pass.

. . . . . .

Z leads the King of Hearts, on which A plays the 2, Y the Jack, and B the 5.

Z then leads the 8 of Hearts, A plays the 3, Y the 6, and B wins with the Ace.

Now you can see all four hands. Can B win the game?

. . . . . .

Against ordinary defence B can undoubtedly go game. All he need do is to play out the Diamonds, lead a Club from Dummy, finesse the Queen, play out Ace of Clubs, and put in Y with the King. Y then must lead a Spade or Diamond. It does not matter which he leads. B puts up the Ace and makes his remaining winning Clubs, ten tricks in all—four Clubs, four Diamonds, Ace of Spades, and Ace of Hearts.

But in actual play it did not work out like this owing to the remarkable defensive play of Y and Z.

This is how the game went. After winning trick 2 with the Ace of Hearts, Mr. Whitehead led out his Ace and then 2 of Diamonds. He then made his Diamond winners in Dummy, forcing the opponents and himself to a discard on the fourth round of Diamonds. This was the crux of the position. Both Y and Z had awkward discards, and Mr. Whitehead's aim was, of course, to get one of them to discard a Club which might reveal the position and guide his further plan.

. . . . . .

But neither Mr. Byrnes nor Mr. Ferguson fell into the trap. On the fourth round of Diamonds Y discards 7 of Spades, B the 4 of Spades, and Z the King of Spades.

Mr. Whitehead now leads 6 of Clubs from Dummy, Y plays the 5, and B the Queen, which wins. B now knows that the King and another Club are with Y, and therefore plays out Ace hoping to put Y in. But this strategy is defeated by Y dropping the King on the Ace. However B now plays he cannot make more than two by cards. If he plays out another Club, Z gets in and makes his Hearts. If he plays Ace and another Spade, Y gets in and plays a Club. The saving of the game was due to two very fine defensive discards on the part of Mr. Byrnes. The first was his discard on the fourth round of Diamonds of a high Spade to warn Z against the necessity of guarding Spades and of the possible necessity of guarding Clubs. His second fine play, termed the Deschapelles Coup, was his discard of the King of Clubs under the Ace. He saw clearly that unless Mr. Ferguson held the Jack of Clubs the game was surely lost. To many players the discard by Mr. Ferguson of the King of Spades would indicate a sure Spade entry. To Mr. Byrnes the discard meant no such thing. If Mr. Ferguson had held Ace, King of Spades he would have discarded the Ace, not the King. How many players would see these fine points of play at the time?

Influenza & ASPIRIN

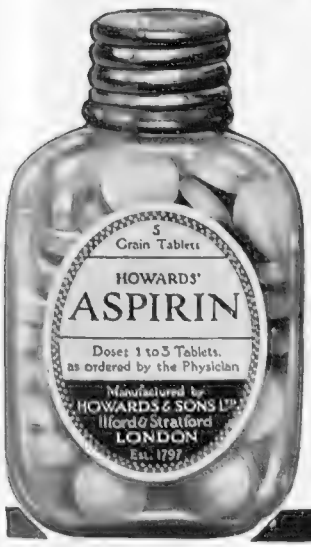
It is time the Public were told a few plain truths about Aspirin.

Aspirin is simply Acetylsalicylic Acid, though you can call it by fancy names. Really pure Aspirin properly compressed into Tablets has a highly beneficial action on Colds, Influenza, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc., and when Influenza gets its grip on you, is the Doctor's most efficient aide-de-camp.

But, on the one hand, no Aspirin under any name will perform miracles. On the other hand, you cannot expect best results from impure, inefficient tablets.

You have thus Three Courses

1. Beguiled by startling advertisements claiming almost miraculous cures of a nature highly entertaining to Medical men, you can pay *exorbitant prices* for very ordinary Tablets.
2. For the sake of saving a few pence, you can buy very cheap, unbranded Tablets of unknown, possibly foreign, origin. Many of these have been proved to be short weight and others to be incapable of having any effect whatever on the human body.
3. You can buy at a fair and reasonable price.



HOWARDS' ASPIRIN TABLETS

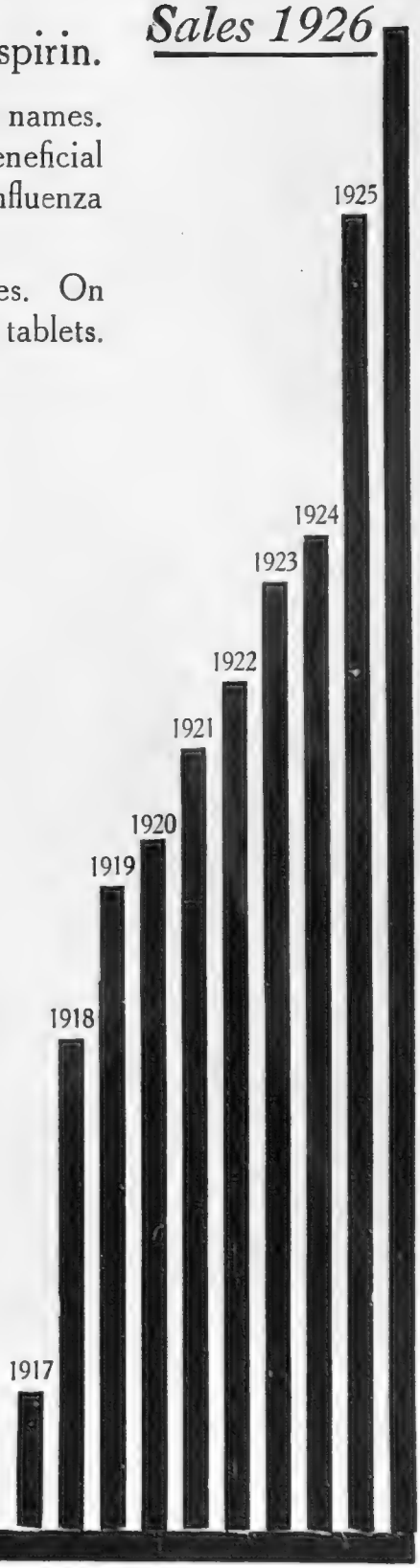
Guaranteed made exclusively from Howards' own perfectly pure, genuine English Aspirin, skilfully compressed and containing the full dose of 5 grains

"QUALITY TELLS"

See from these columns the steady increase in the world consumption of these famous Tablets.

Of all High Class Chemists.

HOWARDS & SONS, LTD.
(Est. 1797).
ILFORD LONDON



MOTOR NOTES

THE export of British cars is increasing in a most satisfactory manner, and there is every indication that this increase will be considerably augmented during 1927. In 1923 just over 6,000 British motor vehicles and chassis were exported from this country, and in 1926 the number was over 33,000. The progress in 1926 was naturally retarded by the industrial conditions, but the export figures for the last quarter established an increase in the export of vehicles of 30 per cent. over the previous highest quarterly year. The governing body of the trade, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, is dealing very seriously with the question of export. It is despatching a delegation consisting of three prominent members of the trade to Australasia and South Africa to study motoring conditions on the spot. Factory representatives of many of the manufacturers of motor products are established in many parts of the world, and every effort is being made by individual companies to produce the exact type of vehicle which is really required.

WAY OUT EAST

Maung Ba Shin, a wealthy Burma landowner, photographed beside one of his four cars. They are all Willys Knights

EVERYTHING which can contribute to the comfort and appearance of a closed car is to be welcomed, but interior decorations can sometimes go too far. This thought was suggested to me by a recent experience. A chauffeur-driven saloon passed me on the road, and I particularly noticed the extreme care with which it was being driven. As the car came abreast of me I saw the reason. Intent on fully decorating the interior of the car, the lady owner had placed a large flower holder above the dashboard at the front and had filled this with wide-spreading seasonal flowers. The result was that the unfortunate chauffeur had to look through a mass of foliage in order to see the road!

* * *

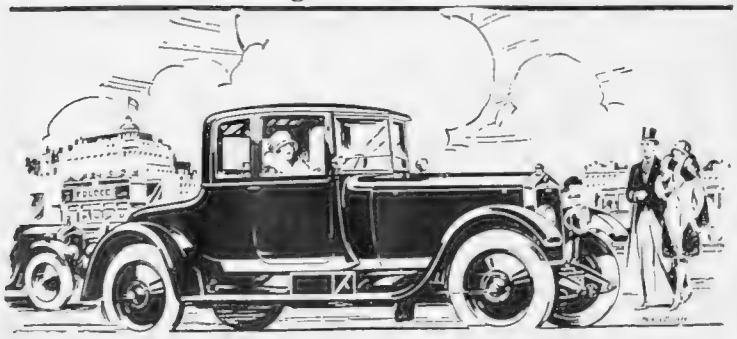
WHEN any "Bystander" sees one of the new R.A.C. special warning signs bearing the words "Danger. Use Extra Caution," he should then proceed with extreme circumspection, as these signs are only being erected where the danger is hidden and of an exceptional character. It will not be provided where the dangers present should be apparent to a careful driver, such as cross-roads, corners, and side roads, and its presence will therefore be an indication to motorists that they are approaching a danger which demands the utmost care in driving.

* * *

THE makers of the Singer car have always had my admiration in that they have produced and sold an enormous number of successful cars without making use of many of the practices which are sometimes employed in order to boost the wares of a firm.

(Continued on page vi)

Pre-eminent among the World's Finest Cars.



WHEN you take your first ride in a Lanchester Car you will know why it is that Lanchester owners enjoy the best that motoring has to offer. You will admire their judgment and appreciate the reasons which prompted their choice. A trial run commits you to nothing but a new motoring experience; will you make an appointment? A demonstration car is always available.

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

The "Lanchester" is built in two sizes: a 40 h.p. 6-cylinder Car, and a smaller 6-cylinder model of 21 h.p., designed on similar lines. The Car illustrated here is an example from the 21 h.p. range, a Coupe with coach-built head. It looks a two-seater—actually it will accommodate five. Catalogues and photographs on demand.

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Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership.

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The "Motoluxe" Motor Rug is luxury itself. It is as light as a feather, yet its beautiful, fleecy, pure Alpaca Wool keeps the motorist snug and warm under the severest tests.

"Motoluxe" is a British Empire production from the yarn to the finished article.

PRICE

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For OPEN CARS buy the WINDPROOF RUG 10/6 extra.

Photo by Dorothy Wilding.

Insist on the name and ask for the "Foot Muffs that Match."

OF ALL LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE.

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Have you heard this one?

The play was very bad—

very bad indeed, but the audience had suffered it more or less patiently. In the third act a terrific struggle took place between the forlorn heroine and the heavy villain. A lamp was overturned and the stage plunged into darkness. An unearthly scream, a moment of tense, dramatic silence, then, from the villain, a cry "Good Heavens! What have I done?" A thick voice floated from the 'Gods': "Strike a light, guv'nor, and we'll have a look!"

A good story and a good cigarette are worth repeating!

STATE EXPRESS

333

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Plain or Cork Tipped

Ask, please, for "Three Threes"

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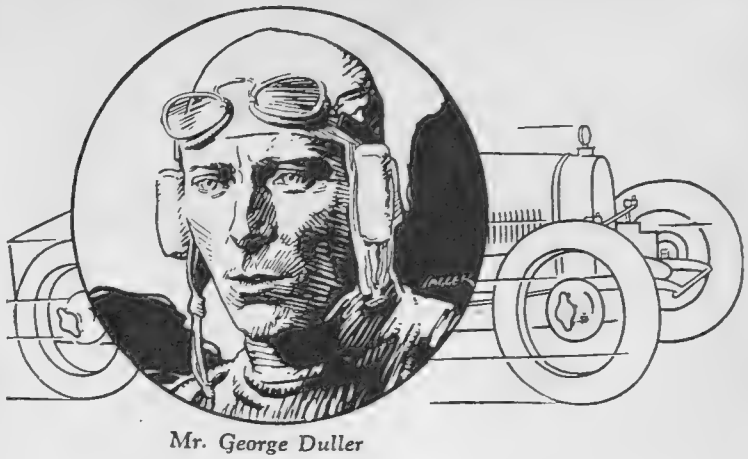

Mr. George Duller

Why I run on "BP"

The reason why I run on "BP" is a good and sufficient one. I have proved to my own satisfaction that it gives me greater acceleration, power and speed than any other fuel on the market. My experience is the same whether I am driving privately on the road or racing at Brooklands. I recommend "BP" to every British motorist. *G Duller*

"BP"

The British Petrol

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Distributing Organization of the

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

Singers have been content to manufacture a really reliable product and to depend more on the sound recommendations of satisfied customers than on more doubtful systems of obtaining publicity. I have therefore great pleasure in calling attention to the Singer range for 1927. It is made up of three chassis, the "Junior" of a 7.78 h.p. rating, the "Senior" of a 9.8 h.p. rating, and the "Six" of 14.8 h.p. rating. The makers claim that they have produced a car for every purse and every purpose. This will be generally agreed, as the cheapest car of the range, the "Junior," with a full-sized four-seater body, sells for £148 10s., while the "Six," with a four-door coachbuilt saloon body, costs only £350.

***

At present I have in my charge one of the Singer "Senior" saloons which sells complete for £260, this with a four-door body, pneumatic upholstery, and four wheel brakes. In its running the car has many attractive features, notable among them being its extreme economy. The makers claim a petrol consumption of 35 m.p.g., and so far I have no reason to doubt this. The car is easy to drive and is reasonably fast on the road. The springing is distinctly good, while the comfort of the pneumatic upholstery is worth noting. An inspection of the chassis shows that Singer and Co., Ltd., of Coventry, have endeavoured to produce a car essentially suitable for the owner-driver. The number of points requiring attention has been kept to a minimum, thus it is a simple matter to keep the car in first rate tune. The large number of Singer cars which are driven by the fair sex is evidence of their ease of control.

FINISHING TOUCHES

Some of the constant stream of new Clyno cars ready for dispatch. Mechanics are seen giving them a last look-over

***

The London showrooms and export department of Crossley Motors, Ltd., have been moved to more commodious premises in the same exclusive thoroughfare, namely, Conduit Street, W. The new number is 20, and the premises are on the right-hand side going from Regent Street to Bond Street, and are thus on the same side as the showrooms of another British car of world-wide fame.

***

A firm which has made a notably rapid and sure rise in the motoring world is the Clyno Engineering Co., Ltd. First starting seriously to manufacture cars in 1923, the output the following year represented an increase of over 720 per cent. Comparing 1926 with 1925, the increase is over 210 per cent. Considerable additions have been made to the factory, and last year a quarter of a million square feet were added to it. The success of the Clyno car is undoubtedy due to the excellence of its construction and performance, and the moderate price at which it sells.

George C. Stead.

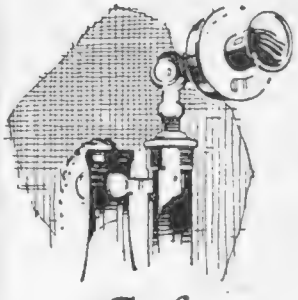
They all buy

ARMY CLUB

the cigarette with pure ribbed rice* paper and watermarked name

* Rice paper is a technical trade name. It does not mean that rice or rice straw enters into the composition of the paper. The rice paper, however, specially made for Army Club cigarettes does contain 4 per cent. of pure rice.

perfect paper for perfect tobacco



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DON'T PERMIT off-colour teeth to mar your smile. Study attractive people, men or women. Note the tremendous part gleaming, clear teeth play.

And don't believe *your teeth are naturally dull or colourless.* In a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth.

Restoring dull, off-colour teeth to polished whiteness is a recent dental achievement.

It's been found that dingy teeth come from a film that forms on teeth. A stubborn film old-type dentifrices did not successfully clear off. That's why brushing fails you.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film now—a sort of slippery coating. Beneath it are the dazzling white teeth you envy.

It keeps your smile unattractive because it absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. It invites tooth and gum troubles.

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, a scientific combatant has been found. Leading dentists widely urge it. All chemists have it. Works wonders on dingy teeth. 10-day test sent free.

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Bystander, 9/2/'27

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OXO

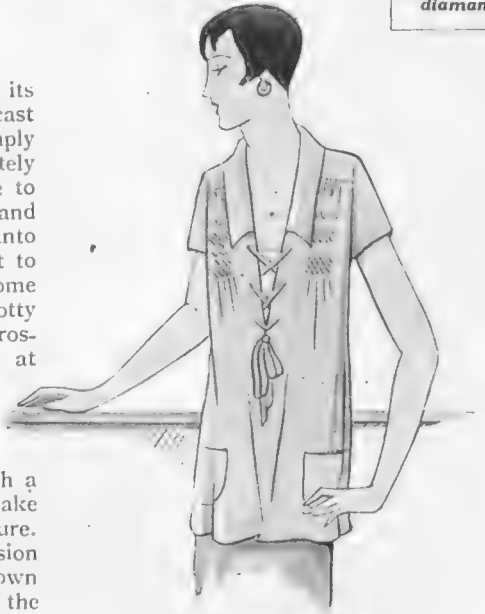
It's Beef that counts!

A Mecca For Moderate Incomes

This, once a coat and skirt—*vide* the shadow sketch—has been successfully remodelled into a charming coat type of frock by the addition of a dainty *plissé* vest and *jabot* of georgette

A new season's model expressed in terms of navy blue satin relieved by gold and lacquer-red *passementerie*

The newly modelled *jupe* is enlivened by one of those effective bead or *diamanté* trimmings



A "LILLA" SMOCK
From 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road

HAVE you a frock that has seen its best days, but is too good to cast aside; or one, perhaps, that simply won't wear out and is yet so completely out of date you have not the nerve to appear in it? Or, again, a coat and skirt some fresh purchase has put into the shade, but which you feel ought to be turned to account somehow or some way? Well, these are the knotty problems Madame Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, is an adept at solving. She has made a particular study of these lightning transformations, and has yet to find one that baffles her.

Now, as an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory or generalisation, take a glance at the top left-hand figure. Equally impressive is the conversion from an unsmart evening gown shown on the right-hand figure. Here the corsage has been lifted up to pouch a little as now decreed, and slit down the front to form a long, graceful V.

Madame Lilla, however, by no means confines herself to renovations. She is a first-class dress designer, and, akin with her *confrères*, takes her cues from Paris. But her chief objective is to dress and keep her clients thoroughly up to date at a moderate figure. She will take ladies' own material, or supply it as is required; in fact, she is that *rara avis*, a *modiste* that one and all may visit with the greatest confidence.

Positively world-famed are Lilla's smocks, beautifully cut and decoratively ornamented—garments as practical as they are picturesque, and ideal for the studio, housework, and the garden.

Many other interesting details and illustrations will be found in the new brochure just published, which will be sent upon application; and, by the way, Lilla is equally successful with remodelling if you send gowns through the post should you not be able to pay her a personal visit.

Beithe

Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, feature the newest millinery in a shady Bangkok trimmed with a soft falling edge and band of Petersham ribbon in tone. A helmet-shaped black felt is accorded distinction by a high coronal of black and *suède* reversible ribbon. A simple pull-on of felt, the brim *retroussé* at one side front carrying two stiff quills backed by satin

FASHION'S FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

In the midst of much that is nebulous in the dress world there is one outstanding fact—that lightweight woollens and silks will be far more in evidence than cottons this spring and summer. It is material that matters every time, and represents the initial cost in many cases, since it takes really very little to make the slim frocks of the moment. Silks are singularly lovely; all soft, many bright and lustrous, and a goodly number printed, embroidered—or treated to have that appearance—or brocaded. Shantung, under considerably improved auspices, is well to the fore, and there is nothing cooler or more attractive for simple spring and summer gowns. Foulard, also, is being developed on such novel lines as to be scarcely recognisable; quite a number of fabrics, opaque and transparent, being treated with lizard and snake skin markings. These make up most effectively; silken materials, in a word, are inclined to be rather busy and colourful. Some enchanting taffetas, both plain and figured, in old-world chintz designs, appeal persuasively for evening dresses of the picture order, softened at the hem by clear folds of chiffon.

Eclectic Millinery

It must surely be apparent to the dullest intelligences, even at this early date, how the millinery fraternity is out for drastic changes and considerable variety. We are not, if these authorities can help it, to fall into uniform styles, and such dull, level monotony as was set up by the *cloche* and the vagabond—a conviction that all will find fully confirmed at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge. The model *salon* on the first floor here is replete with surprises, represented in headgear which, while inexpressibly smart, is yet of a wearable and adaptable character. From the trio pictured it will be quickly realised that the trend is for more precision and form. The *dégagé*, go-as-you-please *chapeau* is giving way before the superior attractions of such delightful creations as is shown on the centre figure. Once on the head, this never moves or alters an iota of the prescribed silhouette. Built of black felt on helmet lines, an amusing and arresting drapery is carried over the summit of the crown, from side to side, adding, incidentally, to the height, effected in a reversible ribbon, black satin on one side and *suède* on the other. Assured of a *succés fou* is a little pull-on of fuchsia felt, the crown deftly and permanently pleated and the brim rolled up on one side the front. Bound and banded with Petersham ribbon to tone, two flat quills rear their height above, backed with satin. For the later months it is proposed to replica this model in Bangkok, hemp, and Pari-Buntal. Bangkok promises to be as popular as ever, and is reflected in charming guise in the third illustration. This, one of the larger shapes, alike in character and colouring, betokens the Spring, as it is expressed in that delicate antelope shade, the soft falling edge and band of the ubiquitous Petersham ribbon.

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have started their early spring campaign with a remarkable and appropriate choice of well tailored suits, of which this is an example. Expressed in Cumberland tweed, a deep oatmeal coloured mixture with touches of mauve, the pocket slits and cuffs are defined by a plain woven border, the collar faced stencilled calf kid

The Cardigan Craze

Jumper suits, completed by a loose, open-fronted cardigan type of coat, guiltless of collar or revers, show every indication of becoming a uniform. At Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, this obsession is being attended to with significant zeal; so those wishing to be quickly in the swim can walk into the coat and skirt department here and walk out arrayed according to this latest decree. Tweeds, extraordinarily light, play a leading *rôle* in these *ensembles*. One notable success being created in watercress green and grey tweed, the skirt, box-pleated in front, stitched to form a design, surmounted by a green stockinette jumper, which in its turn is partially concealed by a sleeveless cardigan of the tweed. The three garments are available at 8½ guineas. Cardigans, however, do not absorb the situation. There are tailor-mades

with coats after a more conventional order, buttoning in front with revers and collar. Of this *genre* is the example illustrated, a suit composed of Cumberland tweed in a deep oatmeal mixture that has tiny flecks of a reddish-mauve, and is, moreover, woven with a self border in a slightly paler tone that is utilised down the side of the wrap-over skirt and repeated on the slit pockets and cuffs, the collar providing an *imprévu* note in a facing of stencilled calf kid. The whole is a highly finished tailored production, and most moderately priced at 10½ guineas. For the same sum there is a sports suit that every woman will fall to, the skirt of Scottish tweed arranged on novel trouser lines, with a wrap-over back and front to conceal the bifurcated movement, accompanied by a short belted jacket of softest *suède*. The latter modelled with a deep yoke, and expanding pleats at the back, is the epitome of comfort and ease, while the collar can be worn open or closed. There is something approximating to ten different colour combinations in this particular quality of tweed, all of which can be matched up in *suède*.

SIXTY NOT OUT

The 1st XV of the Wasps Rugby Club, which celebrates its sixtieth season this year. The photograph shows, standing: W. H. S. Cairns (left), O. S. Ruane, W. P. Garbutt, C. H. Benmore, E. C. R. Hopkins, W. B. Heasman, J. W. Bruford, and W. L. Reilly. Seated: H. W. Clinch (left), J. Y. Broughton, R. M. Swyer (Captain), R. W. Williams, F. G. Sharp, and R. Lillico. In front: C. R. Arnott and E. A. Craven

The Westminster Bank

The net profits of Westminster Bank, Ltd., for the past year, after providing for bad and doubtful debts and all expenses, amount to £2,157,232 10s. 8d. This sum, added to £457,564 18s. brought forward from 1925, makes available the sum of £2,614,797 8s. 8d. The dividends, 20 per cent. on the £20 shares and 12½ per cent. on the £1 shares, absorb £1,356,275 2s. £150,000 has been transferred to the bank premises account, £250,000 to the rebuilding account, £150,000 to contingent fund, and £200,000 to officers' pension fund, leaving a balance of £508,522 6s. 8d. to be carried forward.

From the Mustard Club

The activities of the Mustard Club are spreading in all directions, and a new departure is the recipe book of the Mustard Club, which has made a very welcome appearance. Written in a bright and amusing style, it contains many valuable and attractive recipes for all sorts of household dishes, together with amusing dissertations on fish, flesh, fowl, and good red herring. This entertaining and instructive book will be sent to anyone who writes to Miss Di Gester, c/o Coleman's, Norwich, enclosing 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and despatch.

"The Rose is Red——"

The violet's blue, pinks are sweet and so are you!" was a favourite greeting of the love-sick swain of fifty years ago to his lady love on St. Valentine's Day. Since then such passionate communications have suffered a set-back, but it seems that the Valentine is regaining its old popularity. At all events, Messrs. Raphael Tuck have enough faith in the revival of the old custom to have prepared a wide range of Valentines, which will doubtless cause flutterings in many a maiden's bosom on February 14.

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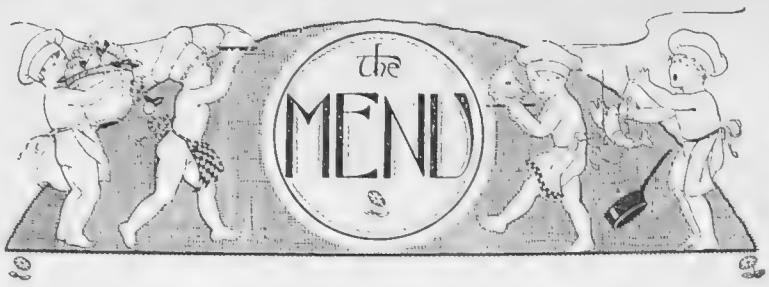

DAINTY AMERICAN DISHES

VEAL TERRAPIN.
QUAILS EN CASSEROLE WITH ORANGE SALAD.
BEEF GOULASCH.
AMERICAN SPATCHCOCK.

Veal Terrapin

Cut the veal into dice. Fry well together in a stewpan one tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour; add one cupful of cream or milk, and stir until smooth and thick. This will give a smooth sauce of a pale coffee colour. Add the veal and a good seasoning of salt and pepper, and simmer for ten minutes. Then add three hard-boiled eggs, coarsely chopped, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and cook five minutes longer; add two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and take from the fire. Serve with a garnish of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters.

Quails en Casserole with Orange Salad

Prepare and truss six quails. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a casserole and, when hot, put in the birds and brown them all over. Cover with the lid, and put into a moderate oven until cooked. Take out the quails and keep hot. Drain the fat from the casserole, add half a pint of stock, a wineglassful of port wine or claret and about half the rind of an orange. Simmer for ten minutes, then stir in half a cupful of red-currant jelly. Put in the quails for ten minutes, season with salt, pepper, and the juice of half a lemon. Remove the orange peel and serve with orange salad.

Orange Salad:—Remove all pith and skin from the oranges, cut into the natural divisions, and season with salad oil, a little brandy, a teacupful of castor sugar, and the same of finely chopped tarragon and chervil.

Beef Goulasch

Goulasch is beef stewed with Hungarian paprika. Cut into finger lengths 2 lb. of lean beef; chop one large onion very fine, and cook till brown in a tablespoonful of dripping or olive oil; add one large tablespoonful of flour, and cook this until brown. Stir in one pint of stock, a little salt, and a small teaspoonful of paprika. When the gravy is thick and smooth add the meat, cover closely, and simmer for two hours. Paprika is a red pepper of a brighter colour than cayenne, and can be purchased in ½ lb. tins.

American Spatchcock

Split and boil lightly a small chicken. Place the chicken, when cold, flat open in a fireproof pan, pour the following sauce over. Put it in the oven and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. Sauce: One tablespoonful each of made mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and a dust of cayenne. Mix well together, heat, and pour over the chicken.

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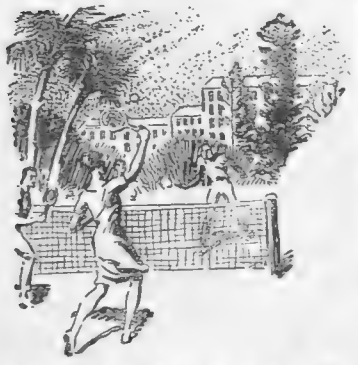

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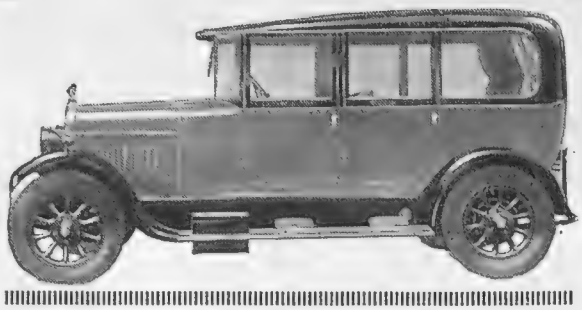

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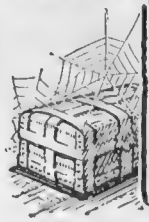

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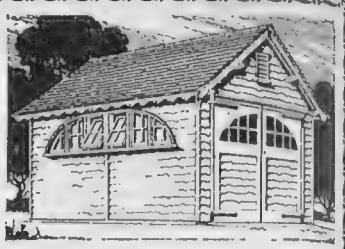

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Beaulieu-sur-Mer (A.M.)—HOTEL VICTORIA.

Biarritz.—
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HOTEL REGINA ET DU GOLF.
THE WHITE HOUSE (Jardin Public).

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HOTEL DU PARC.
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HOTEL ANNONCIATA.
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HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 3 Rue Castiglione (1re).
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